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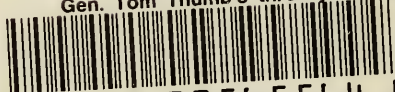
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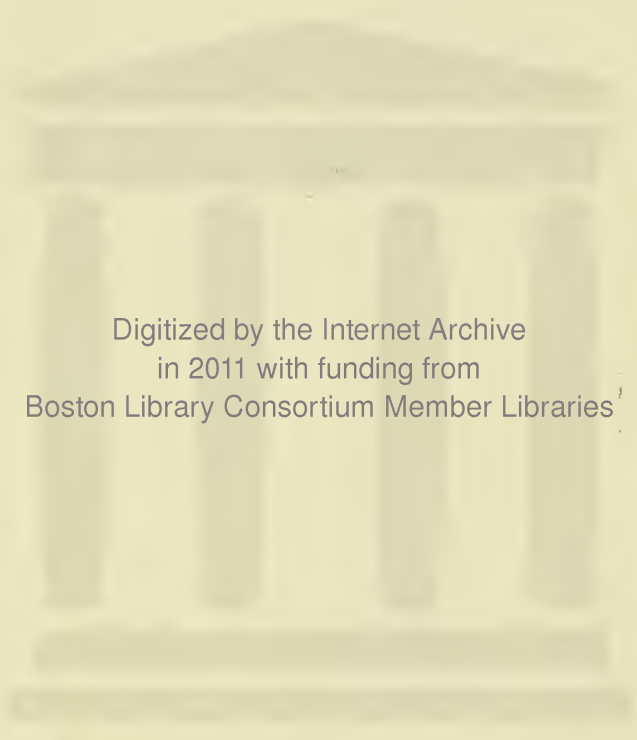
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Gen. Tom Thumb's three years' tour



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GENL

TOM THUMB'S

3 YEARS

TOUR



ROUND THE WORLD.

By Sylvester Bleeker





Winthrop T. Case -



RECEPTION OF THE LITTLE PEOPLE BY THE KING OF BENARES, BRITISH INDIA.

W. L. G.

GEN. TOM THUMB'S

THREE YEARS' TOUR
AROUND THE WORLD,

ACCOMPANIED BY

HIS WIFE—LAVINIA WARREN STRATTON,
COMMODORE NUTT,
MISS MINNIE WARREN,
AND PARTY.

BY SYLVESTER BLEEKER.

NEW YORK:

S. BOOTH, PRINTER, 199 AND 201 CENTRE STREET.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by P. T. BARNUM,
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TO

P. T. BARNUM, ESQ.,

THE KIND EMPLOYER AND SINCERE FRIEND

OF THE AUTHOR FOR THE PAST

TWENTY-THREE YEARS,

THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

TO THE READER.

When "Toby Twinkle" announced to the assembled company that the "eatables and drinkables" were ready, he excited their appetites, by adding, as an assurance of the extra quality of the food, that he knew the dishes were good, for he had "tasted 'em all 'round."

I here present a humble literary feast, (the materials for which were obtained from the four great markets, Europe, Asia, Africa and America), plainly cooked, and, I trust, agreeably seasoned with incident and anecdote. When you have partaken of my dishes, I hope you will, like Toby Twinkle, excite the mental appetite of your friends with the assurance that you know they are good, having "tasted 'em all 'round."

SYLVESTER BLEEKER.

NEW YORK. }
September, 1872. }

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GENERAL TOM THUMB'S TOUR AROUND THE WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

“**N**EVER! never will I go to Australia! Why, it is upon the other side of the globe; they send convicts there!” exclaimed General Tom Thumb.

“Go to Australia? Our friends would never expect to see us again; they would consider us dead and buried!” said his wife.

“P. T. had better adopt his own suggestion, and go to Australia himself, instead of being so eager to send other people there,” chimed in Minnie Warren sharply.

“I don’t believe they have a billiard-table in the whole country, and how could I amuse myself at my favorite game?” said Commodore Nutt.

Such were the remarks, clearly indicating the feelings of the Liliputian Quartette, which greeted the reading to them of the following letter from Mr. Barnum:

“LINDENCROFT, *May 10th, 1869.*

“MY DEAR BLEEKER:

“An idea has occurred to me in which I can see a ‘Golden Gate’ opening for the Gen. Tom Thumb Co. What do you think of a ‘Tour Around the World,’ including a visit to Australia? The new Pacific Railroad will be finished in a few weeks; you will then be enabled to cross the American Continent to California, thence by steam to Japan, China, British India, etc. I declare, in anticipation, I already envy you the pleasures and opportunities which such a trip will afford.

“For the next three days I shall study all the maps I can lay my

hands upon, and, in imagination, mark you crossing the briny deep to those far-off countries. And as for *gold*! tell the General that in Australia alone (don't fail to go to Australia) he will be sure to make more money than a horse can draw.

"It will require great care, judgment, experience, and energy, all of which faculties you possess, to carry such an enterprise to a successful termination.

"Talk it over with the 'little people.' I name you Generalissimo of the invading force in their grand march, and hope you will return with spoils from all the nations of the globe.

"Decide quickly! If you consent to undertake the journey, prepare to start next month. Love to all.

"Truly yours,
"P. T. BARNUM."

I endeavored by every reasonable argument to combat the objections which the "little people" entertained against accepting Mr. B.'s proposition. During the height of our debate, the General, with a pretended air of indifference, said:

"What is that P. T. says about a horse drawing something?"

"He says," replied I, referring to the letter, "that in Australia you are sure to make more money than a horse can draw."

"Vinie," said he, turning to his wife, "it would be very interesting to visit the great Australian gold mines, and observe how scientifically they are worked."

"I am not so curious," replied she. "I would not sacrifice the opportunities of ever again seeing my parents and friends, by going such a distance, for all the gold the mines could yield."

A slight shade of disappointment overspread the General's countenance at his wife's remark; for he was evidently wavering in his determination. After much deliberation, the amount of money "a horse could draw" seeming to operate as a counterbalance in the General's mind to the objection that Australia was "upon the other side of the globe," the matter was finally compromised by inserting in the articles of agreement the following clause:

"That the said party of the second part shall visit such countries, except Australia, and perform in such cities and towns as the said manager, Sylvester Bleeker, may decide upon; but should the said Bleeker, as manager, consider it the pecuniary interest of the said parties to this agreement to visit Australia, then the party of the second part shall waive his (or her) objection," etc., etc.

The contracts being duly signed and witnessed, wardrobes replenished, and trunks packed, all was prepared for the contemplated "Tour of the World."

On the 21st June, 1869, the General Tom Thumb Company left

the city of New York. The following members composed the troupe:

SYLVESTER BLEEKER.....*Director and Manager.*
 MRS. S. BLEEKER.
 B. S. KELLOGG.....*Treasurer*
 EDMOND DAVIS*Agent.*

GENERAL TOM THUMB AND WIFE.

COMMODORE NUTT.

MISS MINNIE WARREN.

G. H. RICHARDSON... <i>Pianist.</i>	F. G. NOBBS..... <i>Doorkeeper.</i>
C. E. KEELER <i>Gen'l Assist't.</i>	RODNIA NUTT, JR.... <i>Coachman.</i>
G. COOPER, <i>Groom.</i>	

A pair of diminutive ponies and miniature carriage completed the retinue. If the state of the weather suggested an omèn of good or ill success, we had no cause to congratulate ourselves upon the prospect, for it rained in torrents. To add to the poignancy of grief experienced by the female portion of our friends in parting, one of them, ever upon the watch for signs, discovered and whispered her observation to the others, that the unlucky number "thirteen" composed our company. "I know," said she, "there is ill-luck in the number. Did you ever read Mr. Barnum's experience with the number? He had trouble enough whenever he had anything to do with thirteen." Tears began to flow afresh. "Which one will never return?" was eagerly asked. Happily, with the exception of exercising such innocent little charms against quarreling, sickness, disappointments, and ill-luck, as throwing salt over the left shoulder when spilled at table; walking *around* instead of *beneath* a ladder; wearing the stocking all day without changing, if accidentally placed upon the foot the wrong side out, etc., etc., our little party were remarkably free from idle and foolish superstitions (the above-mentioned little acts, however, being strictly practiced, although with strong protestations that it was "only for fun"). The belief that ill-luck attended the number 13 had no root in our minds, and we all combined in assurances to our anxious friends that it was "all nonsense!" With strict injunctions from the "stay-at-homes" to "write often;" if anything happened, to let them know "right away;" to be careful what we ate and drank; to bring them something from "those foreign countries," etc., to all of which requests promises were given, we parted.

Our route was as follows: Hudson City, Elizabeth, Allentown, Harrisburg, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Columbus, Indianapolis, Mattoon, Jefferson City, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph, Council Bluffs, and Omaha, arriving at the latter place July 8th. We had thus traveled an average of 110 miles and given two entertainments each day. With a large and expensive company economy of time is a great consideration; and as our first journey over the Union Pacific Railway involved the necessity of twenty-six hours' incessant travel, the distance being 516 miles, I devoted the Sabbath for the greatest portion of its accomplishment. We left Omaha at 8 A.M. on Sunday, July 11th. At Council Bluffs and Omaha we heard many rumors of expected attacks from Indians upon the trains, and the General strongly urged me to provide revolvers for the party; in fact, the Commodore carried a small one—a *very* small one—in his pocket. The day before we started, Minnie, in a state of excitement, came to my room to inform me that there were several Indians loitering around the rear gate of the hotel yard. As she had never before seen a "live Injin" in all the hideousness of war-paint, she naturally felt alarmed. I accompanied her, and found the "little people" gazing from an upper window at four aborigines who were standing in a vacant field a few rods distant. I invited the General to accompany me upon a visit to them. He peremptorily declined; but after considerable urging he consented, his consent, in a measure, due to his wife's remark:

"Why, General, *I* wouldn't be afraid to go, and I am a WOMAN. If I were a MAN, I would go in a moment."

He resolutely seized his hat and followed me. The Indians were dressed in very dirty hunting-shirts and leggings, over which were thrown filthy blankets; their faces were painted in fantastic style, red the conspicuous color, and a few miserable feathers were stuck in their long, matted black hair. They were well armed, however, each possessing an excellent rifle and scalping-knife. I approached and interrogated them several times, but received only grunts in response.

"Ask them what tribe they belong to," said the General, clinging to the skirt of my coat.

"How the deuce shall I?" said I; "they evidently don't understand English, and it is certain I can't speak 'Injin.' Suppose," I added, "they should kill and scalp us—such a thing is possible—and then make for that belt of woods?"

"Let's go back!" exclaimed the General, giving my coat-skirt a pull that almost separated it from the waist, and hastily retreating behind me.

There we stood, "pale-face and Indians," regarding each other—Indians scowling, pale-face a little sheepish. Suddenly an idea struck me! they had hitherto taken no notice of the General; supposing him to be a child, they had not even deigned to glance at him. I stepped aside, raised the General's hat, so as clearly to expose his face, and taking hold of his beard with one hand, pointed at it with the other, signifying that he was a little man. They slowly turned their gaze upon him. It has been asserted that an Indian never smiles. I now deny the assertion; if ever I saw a grin, I saw it then and there overspreading the faces of those Red men; in fact, it became so conspicuous, that I expected every moment it would merge into a loud "guffaw." Their tongues were loosened as if by magic; they jabbered with each other, walked around the General, measured him with their rifles, touched his beard, and betrayed a curiosity entirely foreign to their character. Their good humor reassured the General; he submitted quietly to their scrutiny, and waved his hand to the ladies, who were looking upon us from the window, as if to say, "Observe me in the midst of these brave warriors."

"I will give them some money," said he, fumbling in his pockets, "and then we'll go," a ransom no doubt suggesting itself to his mind as the only means of gaining us a safe retreat.

"They'll spend it in whisky," said I; but he had already produced a few stamps and extended them towards the Indians; in a twinkling they changed hands. One of the savages at this moment laid his hand upon his knife to change its position in his belt; the General saw the movement, and he vanished as if into air. Upon my return to the hotel, the landlord informed us that they belonged to a war party of "Pawnees," who had been in pursuit of a band of Crow Indians.

"Well, General," said I, "what do you think of those fellows? Did you observe what excellent rifles they possess?"

"They are a treacherous set," replied he. "Did you see one of them draw his knife when he thought we were not looking at him? Don't you think it would be a good idea for us to purchase half a dozen 'Spencers?' then, in case of attack while crossing the plains, we could kill them at long range. I'll pay the cost of them." "Pshaw," said the Commodore, slapping the pocket containing his small revolver, "how timid you are! I am not afraid." As our baggage weighed two tons, I declined increasing its weight by making such a purchase, and from that moment carefully avoided the Indian subject; for should further reports excite the General's fears, his next suggestion would be to provide ourselves with half a dozen cannon.

The great Pacific Railroad to California has become such a favorite route for tourists, and the scenery along the line has been so frequently pictured by newspaper correspondents and others, that it would be superfluous for me to attempt an elaboration of that which has been so ably and elegantly described. I will give a mere passing notice of the stations.

Elkhorn, 28 miles from Omaha, located on the Elkhorn River, a splendid mill stream. Valley. Fremont, 46 miles from Omaha. Between Valley and Fremont the Platte River is first viewed by the traveler, and continues in sight for three hundred miles. North Bend, Schuyler, Columbus, Lone Tree, Grand Island, Kearney. (The old Fort Phil. Kearney lies on the south bank of the Platte in sight of the tourist; the original buffalo trail was through this section; they are now hunted south of the Republican Fork.) Cayote, Brady Island, North Platte. (A few miles from here the Platte River divides into the North Platte running through Wyoming, and the South Platte running through Colorado.) Julesburg. Sidney. The country here appears like one vast plain covered with hump and buffalo-grass. Antelopes abound and myriads of prairie-dogs are visible. The noise of the approaching train apparently called forth these little animals; they would dart out of their holes, raise themselves upon their hind legs, and stand like so many miniature signal-men until the train had passed. We stopped at the regular meal hours at canvas stations, where we obtained most excellent lining for the inner man. As the road had been in operation but a few weeks, many accommodations and conveniences were lacking; a vast improvement has taken place since then, and the traveler of to-day obtains every comfort that money can purchase.

As we sped along, occasionally several of the passengers, who, like the General, thought it a good idea to possess a rifle in case of attack, as if to exhibit to the others how well they could handle their arms if required, fired their pieces from the windows and platforms. This innocent recreation seemed at each successive report to operate violently upon the nerves of a portly individual seated immediately back of our little party. At length, tapping me upon the shoulder, he whispered in my ear the question:

"Do you think there is any danger?"

"From what?" inquired I.

"Indians," said he. "I see that a number of the passengers are armed, in anticipation, and I understand that each train carries arms and ammunition sufficient to supply every man, woman, and child on board. Now, I never fired a gun in all my life. What should I do? Are those men practising in case of attack, or merely

firing their rifles to let the savages know, if any are lurking near, that we are prepared?"

"There is not a tree or bush large enough to conceal a foe for miles around," said I.



A FALSE ALARM.

While we were conversing, some person, in sport, shouted "Indians!" the passengers' heads were quickly thrust out of the windows; some rushed for the doors; my fat friend, with a groan, sprang to his feet, looked around with horror depicted upon his countenance, and made a dive between the seats. I presume the same instinct which prompts the ostrich, upon the approach of danger, to bury its head for safety in the sand, regardless of the other exposed extremity, operated in his mind. The space was narrow; he succeeded in forcing his head and shoulders beneath the seat, but stuck at the hips. When the false alarm was apparent, and all returned laughing to their seats, our plethoric friend endeavored to extricate himself; the more he struggled, the firmer he appeared to get wedged. It was truly a comical picture. Had Indians actually entered the car, they would certainly have buried their hatchets in that portion of his person visible, supposing it to be the round top of a covered Saratoga trunk, a well packed valise, or luggage of some kind fit for plunder. It required the united efforts of half a dozen passengers to place him "right-side up."

We arrived at Cheyenne at 8 A.M. the following day. It has a

population of 4,000, and lies at an elevation of 6,000 feet. Upon alighting from the cars, we were warmly greeted by Mr. E. C. Z. Judson (Ned Buntline). The most prominent features of the town were bar-rooms and gambling-houses. We exhibited in the theatre—a tumble-down, rickety old barn, with rough forms for seats. However, it was filled to overflowing at each entertainment, which was a sufficient compensation for any discomfort we experienced. Returning from the theatre to the hotel, a distance of 500 yards, curiosity prompted us to count the number of bar-rooms we passed; there were 37, all brilliantly lighted with kerosene, while an equally inflammable liquid was being constantly imbibed by their denizens. The next day we proceeded to Laramie, 572 miles from Omaha. It contains a population of 1000, and is a thriving village. The next places upon the line were Rock Creek, Benton, Rawlings—divide of the continent—740 miles west of Omaha. This is the point, being at an elevation of 7100 feet, where the waters flow east through the Platte to the Gulf of Mexico, and west into the Gulf of California. Bitter Creek Plains, Red Desert, Point of Rocks, Salt Wells, Granger, Carter, Bear River City, Wasatch, Echo Cañon, Echo City, Druids' Castle or Witches' Cave, and Chimney Rock—towering shafts of red sandstone—Weber Cañon (the railroad crosses the Weber River seven times, and passes through two tunnels in the cañon; the Devil's Gate, near the mouth of the cañon, is quite beyond the power of man to describe—so grand! so sublime!) Thousandth Mile (seven miles from "Echo" stands a large pine-tree, which, by survey, is 1000 miles from Omaha), Deseret and Ogden, 1032 miles; population, 2000. Ogden is the first town of note in Utah Territory, upon the Union Pacific road. That there was a stringent controlling power was evidenced in the cleanliness of its streets and dwellings, and the perfect order which everywhere prevailed. A Mormon bishop and mayor hold the governmental reins. They granted the use of their Tabernacle for the purpose of our entertainment, reserving, however, the freedom of two rows of seats, capable of accommodating about fifty persons, for their individual families. It was here we first saw the effect of practical polygamy. While conversing with Bishop W., who informed me that he was a native of New Hampshire, but had not visited the State for thirty years, having joined the Mormon church in its infancy, he observed, looking at his watch, that as it was near the hour for the commencement of our entertainment, he would notify his brother of the fact. He departed, and in a few minutes returned, followed by his brother, seven adult females, and forty-two children, varying in ages from three to fourteen years. As his brother passed, he introduced him to me; four of the females fol-

lowed; "his wives," I mentally exclaimed; next, twenty-two of the children. Then waving his hand towards the approaching party, the Bishop, a slight blush suffusing his face, said: "This is *my* little family." I bowed, and three females, with the rest of the children, entered. During our entertainment, I usually invite a dozen children from three to ten years of age to come upon the platform and compare their height with Miss Minnie's diminutive stature. Upon this occasion, when I gave the invitation, Bishop W., who stood in the aisle at the end of the seats containing his family, immediately passed the requisite number to me. I stepped aside and whispered to the General, his wife, and the Commodore, that I had some of the Bishop's children upon the platform. They slyly slipped into the pulpit at the back, and peered over the top to get a view. That I should not be suspected of understating the children's ages, I requested the parents to announce them. Pointing to the first child—a light, curly-haired little fellow—

"What is this child's age?" I inquired.

"Four years," replied the Bishop, blushing.

"Yours?" I inquired. He nodded.

"And this one?" said I, pointing to a black-eyed little girl.

"Four years," again replied the Bishop, with increased color.

"Yours?" I interrogated. Again he nodded.

"And the age of this child?" said I, touching a sturdy little one.

"Four!" exclaimed the Bishop, the blood mantling to his forehead.

"Yours?" said I. He bowed.

"And this?" questioned I, laying my hand upon the head of a pale-faced, interesting looking boy.

"Four!" replied the Bishop, his face a crimson.

"Yours?" said I.

"All of them!" replied he, faintly.

"Ask no more, Mr. Bleeker!" indignantly exclaimed Mrs. Stratton, stretching her neck to look over the pulpit-desk; "it is disgraceful! No such partnership for me!" The General quickly pulled her down, but I caught the expressions as she disappeared, "children!"—"different mothers!"—"same age!"—"shame!" Fortunately, the Bishop was too distant to hear her voice. He afterwards informed me that he was the father of twenty-nine children. As he did not volunteer the information, I did not ascertain the number of his wives; it was certain he had four at least.

The landlord of the hotel where we lodged had ten wives. Three lived in and attended to the duties incident to a hotel; the others resided in homes provided for them in different parts of the town.

The construction of the railway from Ogden to Salt Lake City was then but just commenced. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s line of stages started for the latter city from Uinta. As we could not commence operations in Salt Lake City until the following Monday, and there being two small towns lying upon the direct road from Ogden, which would serve as stopping-places to break the lengthy journey, and also fill in the intervening days, Mr. Davis, who had preceded us, advertised us to perform in those towns, and made an arrangement with a Salt Lake resident to meet us at Ogden and convey us to the city in two large comfortable vehicles. He arrived the evening before our intended departure, and, to my surprise, the vehicles consisted of dead-axle box-wagons, each drawn by two mules. As there was no alternative, we submitted to the discomfort, and started the next morning for "Farmington." The road was a barren, rough, and rocky one, and we jolted along in a far from agreeable manner. About four miles from Ogden, as we mounted to the level of a high plateau, we caught our first glimpse of the Great Salt Lake, looking magnificently blue in the distance. Universal exclamations of pleasure and gratification escaped our lips. There it lay so calm and quiet—not a ripple, not a sign of life upon it. In Australia I saw the famed "Blue Lake," lying in the crater of an extinct volcano; but for brilliancy of color, it cannot compare with Salt Lake.

Approaching Farmington, signs of tillage are visible, and in the immediate neighborhood of the town I observed several small and highly cultivated farms. Farmington contains a population of 600 inhabitants, and possesses a small hotel, post-office, and a few stores. It is purely Mormon—not a Gentile resident. The signs over the shop-doors in Utah, inscribed with the words "Holiness to the Lord," surrounding a painting of the "All-seeing Eye," is a significant hint that Mormon is expected to trade with Mormon, and sufficiently indicates to the Gentile that he would find little encouragement from Mormon patronage.

As we approached the outskirts of the village, our attention was arrested by the appearance of a noble specimen of the Red man. He was tall, splendidly proportioned, and straight as an arrow; his long black hair hung smoothly; his skin of a clear copper color, and his features finely chiseled; not a vestige of paint marred their expression. He was dressed in a deer-skin hunting-shirt, girded at the waist with a broad belt, from which a hunting-knife protruded; his leggings were fringed with hair; his moccasins richly worked with wampum. Around his head he wore a scarlet band, with three large eagle's feathers; in his hand he carried a rifle at the trail. His step was firm and dignified, and although we stopped as he

crossed our path, he did not deign a glance, but, looking straight before him, stalked proudly by. His whole appearance was in such striking contrast with the filthy, degenerate-looking beings we had seen, that we gazed in admiration upon him as a true type of the pure American Indian before contact with the whites had reduced them to their present degraded level. One of the ladies suggested that, judging from his handsome costume, he was evidently bent upon some errand of love; but all agreed that, whatever his mission, he certainly possessed one of the old lady's necessary qualifications for a good Christian—"a man who was 'keerful' of his clothes;" for he looked remarkably neat and clean.

The next day we proceeded to North Cañon, or Bountiful—distance eight miles.

As the only inn was located a great distance from the school-house in which we were to exhibit, Mr. Davis engaged board and lodging for us with Mr. F——, who occupied the adjoining premises to the school-house. Mr. F—— was sixty-five years of age, and the happy possessor of two wives. His house contained but three rooms—two apartments upon the first floor and one above. The front-door, directly in the center of the building, opened into what might be termed one large apartment, the width and depth of the house, had it not been partly divided by a staircase, commencing about ten feet from the door which led to the upper room. There was a large double-bed in each of these divisions.

As we alighted at the garden-gate, a stout old lady, about sixty years of age, came out to meet us. Upon entering the house, we saw a woman about thirty-five years old seated in a large rocking-chair, nursing an infant, and a child of three summers standing beside her. This woman was the second wife, and those her children.

I would here remark that since leaving Utah almost the first questions asked us, when it became known that we had visited "Mormondom," were: "Did you see Brigham Young?" "What do you think of the Mormons?" "Is it true that they have half a dozen wives, all living amicably together?" etc., etc. We have, perhaps, had better opportunities than usually fall to the lot of Gentiles visiting Utah, of ascertaining the true heart-feelings of the female portion of that community. To see and converse with our "little people" was to them a great gratification, and in the first gush of pleasure they were apt to become very communicative. I will relate two or three little incidents, leaving my readers to make their own comments. My own conclusions are, that the only true mental sufferers are the first wives; those who are subsequently introduced into the household have little heart. The fact that they

can, without scruple, under the plea of obedience to a pretended revelation, enter into the home and cast a shadow over the happiness of one who has, perhaps, for years lived in undisturbed wedlock, undergoing, without a murmur, all the troubles and trials of life with the possessor of her affection, grieving when he suffered, rejoicing when he was happy, evidences an absence of that pure sympathetic feeling which should ever pervade the heart of a truly virtuous woman. They are usurpers at the domestic hearth, pandering to their own and their partner's libidinous feelings.

Glancing around and observing the limited dimensions of the house, I was puzzled how so numerous a party as ours was to be accommodated. I turned to the old lady and said: "Madam, I received a letter from our agent, Mr. Davis, in which he informs me that we are to stop at the F—— house. I think there must be some mistake; you do not appear to have sufficient room to accommodate us. Is this the F—— house?"

"My husband's name is F——," replied she, "but we do not keep a hotel. The village inn is a long way from here; your agent said it was too far for the little ladies to walk, and as we are so handy to the school-house where you show, he thought it would be very convenient if we'd put you up."

"How many beds have you?" inquired I; "we require at least half a dozen."

"These two are all we have," replied she. "I couldn't turn my husband out of his bed upstairs; he works hard all day, and is much fatigued when night comes. My plan was to give up my bed and sleep with Catherine and the children. It will crowd considerably, and the worry of the children will keep me awake; but it is only for one night. Then we have that large settee, and I can give you plenty of quilts to make beds upon the floor."

"But," said I, "there are two married couples and a single young lady in the party; we cannot all occupy the same apartment."

After a moment's thought, said she: "My daughter lives next neighbor; if you will go with me, I'll ask her whether she will accommodate you; her husband has gone to England; she and her children can sleep in one bed." While on our way to her daughter's house, she remarked: "Our house is scarcely finished yet. I have worked very hard to get it, but it is not all paid for;" then, with a sigh, she continued: "Ah! I had a good home in England, sufficient for myself, husband, and child; plenty of land, and we could raise everything; but here we have only a little patch; hard work! hard work! and I'm growing old!"

I ventured upon saying, "The church claiming a tithe of all you raise must be a great drawback to you." Turning sharply upon

me, said she: "I do not question the right of the church to tax me; the church must be supported; I pay the tax willingly; if I had no other trouble, I would be happy; but," stopping and looking back at her home, "to think that my husband should, in my old age"—heaving a heavy sigh, she suddenly changed the conversation by saying, "My daughter is a nice, clean little body, and I know that you will be comfortable there."

Her daughter's house was the mate, in external appearance, to her own; but the interior was divided into a parlor, two bedrooms, and a kitchen, all comfortably furnished. She was the mother of three interesting children. Most willingly she consented to accommodate the "married couples and the young lady." During the day her household affairs engaged her attention, and we had little opportunity of conversing with her. As we were about to take our seats at the supper-table, an old gentleman past fourscore years of age, and accompanied by his wife, a buxom lady of forty, entered. He was one of the twelve apostles of the Mormon church. He was seated beside me during the meal, and finding me an attentive, but, I must confess, not a very comprehensive listener, poured out such a theological torrent, of which "Revelation," "Baptism by the laying on of hands," "Polygamy," "Brigham Young," "Divine dispensation," "the Mormon church," "Increase and multiply," "Joseph Smith," etc., etc., formed a part, that I was completely overwhelmed. However, I learned that he was a native of Kentucky, and had once been a member of the State legislature. Thirty years ago, having heard of the peculiar doctrine of the "Latter Day Saints," and being something of a Biblical scholar, he determined upon visiting the Prophet Joseph Smith for the purpose of listening, from that great leader's own lips, to a full exposition of the Mormon faith. He traveled on horseback from his home in Kentucky to Nauvoo in the depth of winter. I will use his own language as he related the circumstance to me. Said he:

"I arrived at Nauvoo late in the afternoon, and being directed to Mr. Smith's abode, rode up, dismounted, and knocked at the door. It was opened by Mr. Smith himself, but of course I did not then know him. Said I, 'I have ridden a great many weary miles with the sole object in view of seeing and conversing with Joseph Smith.'

"'I am he!' replied Mr. Smith. 'Take your horse around to the stable; you will find plenty of feed; then enter here, and your wish shall be gratified.'

"I saw my horse comfortably stabled, returned to the house, and was warmly welcomed. After partaking of an excellent supper, I opened the conversation by saying:

"I am earnestly seeking the true way of life, and wish to worship God in spirit and in truth. I consider it my duty to combat error, wherever and whenever I encounter it. From what I have heard of your peculiar tenets, I think *you* are in error. I am anxious to hear a defence of your doctrine. If you can convince me that you are right, I will willingly take you for my instructor and guide through this wilderness of sin.'

"'God grant,' replied Mr. Smith, 'that I may be enabled to open your eyes to the true light; that your mind may receive wisdom, and that you may be so convinced as to become a participator with me in the joys of the church.'

"All that night we wrestled in argument, neither of us caring to seek repose; but with the dawn came new light to my understanding. Praise God! I became a convert! I went to Kentucky, sold my estate, returned to Nauvoo, and have since shared with others in all the trials, sufferings, and persecutions to which our sect has been subjected. Glorious to me is the recollection of the night I spent with that saint in heaven, Joseph Smith."

As the venerable man rose to depart, he shook hands with and had a kindly word for all. Reaching the door, he turned, and, with outstretched hands, gave us his blessing.

After the evening entertainment we assembled in the little parlor. It had been a source of curiosity with the ladies to learn whether our hostess was the sole possessor of her husband's affection. Their curiosity was gratified, for she introduced the subject herself, by saying:

"Father H. is a very active man for his years, is he not?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. S., "and appears to be both kind and sincere."

"He is," said our hostess; "and I am always happy to entertain him when he does not intrude 'the Church' upon me. He finds great fault because I do not occasionally visit the Tabernacle. I have not been in the city since my husband left home. He says that if I listened more frequently to President Young's sound preaching, I would become firmer in my belief; but I tell him that President Young, the counselors, and all the twelve apostles together could never convince me that polygamy was right." Here was a plain avowal. "Look at poor mother," continued she, her manner becoming excited; "a woman who has labored day and night the best years of her life to accumulate a sufficiency to make her home comfortable in her old age; is it right that another woman—a great strong, hearty one, not more than half her age—should step in and enjoy the comforts she has worked so hard to obtain? Father, too, is greatly changed. He used to run in every day to see me. Although we are living so close together, I do not speak

to him once a week. But he has young children of his own now. Mother does not complain; but she often says she lives only for myself and little ones. She has a key to my outside kitchen-door, and every night, frequently as late as one o'clock, I will awake and find her standing by our bedside. I scold her and tell her she is wearing herself out; but she says she cannot sleep. Poor, dear mother!" Her tears began to flow. "They tell me," continued she, "that when my husband returns he will take a second wife. I know that there are many will urge him to it. The thought of it constantly occupies my mind; it haunts me day and night. Rather may he drop a corpse than live to bring another woman's foot across this threshold."

She wept and sobbed violently; it was truly painful to witness, but we could not administer consolation in such a case.

"I will never marry a Mormon," said the daughter of a prominent citizen of Salt Lake City. "When I take a husband, I must possess the entire claim. Sister now perceives her error in having married another woman's spouse; but I tell her she will never have my sympathy, for she knew what mother suffered when father married a second time; and she was certainly aware that she would inflict the same misery upon her husband's first wife when she married him; but she endeavors to quiet her mind with the assurance that she has acted in accordance with the Divine revelation vouchsafed to the head of our church; but mother says, and I agree with her, if women were less alluring, and men more stable in their affection, we would never have heard anything about Divine polygamic revelation."

"Are we to be deprived," exclaimed a bellicose individual, "of the free exercise of our religious duties in a land where the greatest boast is guarantied liberty of conscience to all? Is erring man to oppose the declared will of God? If coercive measures are used by the United States Government to prevent our fulfilling the Divine charge, we will burn, destroy, and lay waste this Paradise, emigrate to New Mexico, South America, or any other place where we will be free from persecution—where there are none to molest or make us afraid."

"But," said I, "there seems to be a large number of females in your community who are averse to the means you adopt to accomplish the end of that 'Divine charge,' as you term it. I refer to the first wedded."

"Well," replied he, "they don't like it! No, sir, they do *not* like it! But how can they help themselves? They dare not openly rebel; they know if they do not submit, the church will cut them off from their heavenly as we would from their earthly inheritance."

CHAPTER II.



CALM, peaceful Sabbath morning! How soothing its influence! There is an intuitive feeling of holy reverence for the day in the heart of every one born in a Christian land, even when far away in a heathen country, where the iron tongue of the chapel-bell, inviting to prayer and praise, is never heard, and where all the surroundings are well calculated to distract the mind from its proper enjoyment. We commence humming or whistling a lively tune; the thought suddenly occurs to us, "This is the Sabbath day!" we quickly merge the notes of the "Anvil Chorus" or the "March from Norma" into those of "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," with the conscientious assurance that those favorite airs were merely uttered by us as a symphony or prelude to the more solemn one. It has often seemed to me as if the beasts of the field and fowls of the air also recognize it as "the day the Lord has made." The subdued lowing of the cattle and bleating of the sheep appear like a responsive "Amen!" to the collect uttered by the feathered tribe from their lofty leafy pulpits. But while I have been reflecting upon the "Day of all the week the best," I have forgotten to order the mules to be "hitched to." It is Sunday, but it is a necessity. We must be off for Salt Lake City. Our host and hostesses cannot longer accommodate us, and the proprietor of our splendid equipages cannot remain longer away from the half a dozen pairs of wifely arms waiting to embrace him.

"Have we again to undergo that horrible jolting? Oh, my poor back!" exclaim the ladies. "Never mind! it is only ten miles. Get along!"—off we go.

When we had accomplished about half the distance, Mrs. Stratton, who was seated upon the edge, directly over the front wheel, turned to me and said: "I think the linch-pin is lost. I have watched this wheel for the last ten minutes, and it seems to 'wriggle' a great deal."

"Pull up!" I shouted, and sprang out. The linch-pin was indeed gone, and the wheel was so far off that half a dozen more revolutions would have sent us flying through the air. Had the accident happened, it would have been certain death to Mrs. S.; we were moving at a rapid pace, and the sudden stoppage would have

hurled her light form with tremendous violence upon the rocky road. After retracing the road for a mile we found the pin, having actually traveled that distance with the wheel "wriggling," as Mrs. S. termed it, yet still retaining its position. We congratulated her upon her miraculous escape, as we considered she had been in the most peril. A short time after the axle of our baggage-wagon broke. "So much for traveling on Sunday!" said Minnie. After a delay of an hour for repairs, we again started and reached the city safely.

On the following day Mr. John Young called upon us at the Townsend House, and suggested that his father would be happy to receive the General and party. I appointed the following morning for the interview. Brigham gave us a kindly welcome, and we passed a pleasant hour in social converse.

"How do you like our city?" inquired he.

"To find such a charming city in the midst of such apparently unfavorable surroundings has indeed surprised us," replied I.

"Ah," said he, "thank God! those apparently unfavorable surroundings were blessed ones for us. Guided hither by an unerring protecting power, here was the rock I was commanded to smite, from which our earthly blessings were to flow."

With apparent pride at the result of his faith and energy, he described the desolate state of the country when he arrived and the gigantic labors he had undergone to make it such a blooming spot.

"When I told our people to sow wheat," said he, "they murmured, and said their labor would be in vain—wheat would not grow in such a soil. I did but mock them; but I finally inspired them with faith in the heavenly promise given me, and they obeyed. Look at the result. We raise the finest wheat in America; we have fruits, too, in abundance." Before separating, he turned to his son and said: "You must show them all the points of interest in and about the city, and also take them out to the farm." This injunction his son faithfully fulfilled; for during the time we remained his attentions were unceasing. Our visit to "the farm," four miles from the city, was an interesting one. Several acres were devoted to the growth of the mulberry tree and the breeding of the silk-worm. A large building had been erected, presided over by a Frenchman, in which we saw thousands of worms in the various stages of silk-spinning. We were each presented with a cocoon. "We are continually experimenting," said Mr. Young, "and hope in time to be entirely independent of the Gentile world by becoming proficient in home manufactures." After spending an hour upon the farm and in the farm-house, and being regaled with fresh sweet milk and cake offered by the hands of President Young's first wife, a young woman of twenty, we returned to the city.

Our entertainments were given in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Rooms. Brigham Young attended upon three occasions. Heber P. Kimball, Elder W. Woodruff, and several other elders and bishops, favored us with their presence.

On Saturday, the 24th July, we were awaked at daybreak by the booming of cannon, the sharp reports of pistols, and snapping of fire-crackers. It was the beginning of the great jubilee in commemoration of the 22d anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers. We immediately arose and sallied out. Early as it was, the city was "all astir." We were presented with a programme of the exercises which were to take place during the day. As it may prove interesting, I here present it entire.

TWENTY-FOURTH OF JULY, 1869.

PROGRAMME.

At sunrise, a Federal salute from artillery stationed in the Temple Block, when the national colors will be displayed over public and private buildings, and music discoursed by the several bands of the city.

At 7 A.M. the schools will assemble at their respective ward halls, and be organized by their superintendents.

At 8 A.M.

THE PROCESSION

Will form on South Temple Street, near Temple Block, under the direction of

JOHN D. T. McALLISTER, MARSHAL OF THE DAY.

All parties taking part in the proceedings should be on the ground promptly, and be ready to move at 8.30 precisely.

The route of march will be along South Temple Street to West Temple Street, thence south to Second South Street, thence east to First East Street, thence north to South Temple Street, thence west to the south entrance of the Tabernacle.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

National flag.

Capt. Croxall's brass band.

Pioneers of 1847, with banner and other suitable representations, led by President Young and Counselors and the Twelve Apostles.

Companies representing different modes of immigration.

Presidency of the Stake and High Council, High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Presiding Bishop and Counsel, Bishops and Counsel of the different wards of the city, Priests, Teachers, and Deacons.

Civil officers—Territorial, County, and City.

Tenth Ward Brass Band.

Twenty-four young gentlemen with United States flag.

Twenty-four young ladies with banner.

Deseret University.

Sabbath and day schools of the city.

Martial band.

A detachment of the Mormon Battalion mustered into the United States service, 16th July, 1846, with "Stars and Stripes."

Cars, with motto "Utah as it was," properly represented.

Pony Express.

Car, with motto "Utah as it is," appropriately represented.

Agriculturists, horticulturists, trades, and professions on foot, in carriages, cars, wagons, and on horseback, with banners, etc., etc.

Citizens on foot, mounted and in carriages.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE TABERNACLE.

Song (composed for the occasion by Miss E. R. Snow).....	CHOIR.
Prayer by.....	Elder W. WOODRUFF, Chaplain.
Music.....	CAPT. CROXALL'S BAND.
Speech.....	JESSE C. LITTLE.
Music.....	MARTIAL BAND.
Speech.....	HON. GEO. Q. CANNON.
Music.....	TENTH WARD BAND.
Speech.....	HON. GEO. A. SMITH.
Song, "The day we celebrate".....	J. D. T. McALLISTER.
Address.....	PRESIDENT BRIGHAM YOUNG.
Toasts and Sentiments	
Music.....	BY THE TABERNACLE CHOIR.
Benediction.....	BY THE CHAPLAIN.

At 12 M. a salute of twenty-two guns, in commemoration of the twenty-second anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers.

Parents will please caution their children against the use of fire-crackers, especially during the passage of the procession, to prevent accident and annoyance to others.

The public are respectfully requested to suspend business and join in the General Celebration.

R. T. BURTON.	} Committee of Arrangements.
H. W. LAWRENCE,	
S. W. RICHARDS,	
WM. JENNINGS,	
HEBER P. KIMBALL,	

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

Sing, sing a joyous lay, on this auspicious
day,
And gladly greet each other, young and
old;
While our blessings we scan o'er, still
increasing evermore,
More precious than the mines of ruddy
gold.
In Utah's vales we've peace, we enjoy a
glad release;
From famine, war, and blood we can
roam:—
'Twas Utah's led the way, through the
dark and cloudy day,
To the sunshine of our own Mountain
Home.

CHORUS:—

Far, far from scenes of strife, we can
pass a useful life,
And laugh—from the mountains—at
the storm;
While Brigham leads the way, through
each glad returning day,
Oh, happy are the Saints who are safe,
safe at home!

Here our labor is our wealth, and the
clear hue of health
From the elements around us can be
had,
With the fruits both rich and rare, the
pure encircling air,
Can our hearts be found lonely or
sad?
Here the heavens are ever bright, and
the mountains veil from sight
All the vices and corruption of the
world;

While we increase in strength, and shall
surely have at length,
On the mountains Zion's banner wide
unfurled!

CHORUS:—

Far, far from scenes of strife, is not ours
a blessed life,
Sheltered by the hand of heaven from
the storm?
While we make our valleys ring, as with
one accord we sing;
Oh, happy are the Saints who are safe,
safe at home!

As the years roll gladly by, may the lus-
tre of each eye
Ne'er be dimmed by apostacy or wrong!
May heaven inspire each heart still to
choose the better part,
Though trials yet may show themselves
along!
Long, long live Brigham Young! loud let
his name be sung;
He leads us in the sunshine and the
storm.
And Father gives through him, the truth
no time can dim,
To make Saints happy in their own
Mountain Home!

CHORUS:—

Far, far from scenes of strife, now enjoy
the sweets of life,
Not its equal through the wide world
you roam;
'Tis Brigham leads the way; who fears
a cloudy day?
The Saints alone are happy, in their
own Mountain Home!

H. W. NASEBITT.

Over ten thousand persons from the surrounding country had come in to witness or participate in the celebration. The route of march leading directly past the Townsend House, the proprietor kindly erected a platform in front of the hotel, from which our little party viewed the line. The procession was admirably conducted, each interesting and particular feature receiving applause. Brigham's course was marked with vociferous shouts from many throats and waving of handkerchiefs by the ladies. When the head of the fourth division, comprising several thousand school children, arrived at the hotel, the youngsters espied our "little people;" the foremost raised the cry, "Tom Thumb! Tom Thumb! Minnie Warren! Minnie Warren!" The shout was taken up by those behind, until it was echoed along the whole line. In their eagerness to press forward, they broke loose from all restraint; the teachers lost all control; the marshal's aids galloped hither and thither, frantically endeavoring to restore order, and casting angry glances at the unintentional authors of the commotion. I screened our little party from view, and finally order was again supreme.

During the progress of the procession an incident occurred which caused angry discussion and threatened serious consequences. One of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s stages, carrying the United States mail, had stopped at the hotel to receive passengers. When the carriage containing Brigham Young and Elder Woodruff was passing, the driver of the stage whipped his horses, and, turning their heads, forced the carriage of the President out of the line. It appeared like an intentional insult, as he had evidently waited until Brigham approached before he started. There was an immediate rush of excited people. The driver plied his whip and shouted, "Make way for the United States mail!" but the Mormon police dragged him from his seat, and he was incarcerated in the lock-up. Hot arguments and threatened blows were exchanged between Gentiles and Mormons. The agent of the stage company demanded the driver's release; the Mormons refused. An appeal was made to the commandant of the United States garrison, who immediately sent a peremptory order for the driver's liberty, which the Mormon authorities did not think prudent to disobey. He was released, vowing vengeance against Brigham and the entire Mormon community.

From Salt Lake City we went to Corinne, lying upon the line of railway. Alighting from the cars, we waded in sand knee-deep to a large canvas building, with the sign "Uinta Hotel" painted in huge letters across the front.

During the construction of the Pacific Railroad, to supply the wants of the workmen, adventurous merchants, grocers, rum-sellers,

etc., advanced with the work and erected canvas towns, the only wood used by the owners in the construction of their houses being a slight frame-work brought from the East. I was told by a druggist that he had paid \$1500 for the frame of his house, the original cost in Missouri being less than \$50. Corinne originally was such a camp; but being in a favorable location, six miles from Brigham City, and lying directly upon the road, it became an excellent depot for the supply of the latter city. During the building of the road its population was 10000; it was reduced to 2000. It had just been incorporated, and an adobe building, to be used as a town-hall, was in course of erection; and I was informed that several stores, to be built of the same material, had been contracted for. I am told that it is now a very flourishing place. I mention these facts, as the description of this town will apply to the many others I have named along the line of railway, excepting Cheyenne, Laramie, and Ogden.

The rooms at the Uinta Hotel which were allotted us, if rooms they could be called, were "all in a row." Two wooden partitions, six feet high and three feet apart, formed a hall extending the entire length of the hotel. At intervals of six feet an opening was cut and a rough door suspended. The rooms were divided by hanging up old army-blankets (of which the proprietor had a good supply), remnants of brown sheeting, pieces of old calico, etc., etc. These little divisions were six feet square. The bedsteads consisted of two narrow strips of wood, four feet apart, supported upon props twelve inches high, with narrow slats across, upon which a very thin straw mattress was placed, covered with one brown sheet and a dirty army-blanket; two boards were placed beside the bed for a flooring. Owing to the limited space, I was compelled to mount upon the bed to undress. The lavatory was located in a passage-way at the end of the main hall, leading to an adjoining canvas-house used as the dining-room, and was supplied with two old tin wash-basins, placed upon a low shelf, one piece of hard yellow soap, a bucket of water with a tin dipper, standing beneath the shelf, and one large jack-towel at the side, for the accommodation of thirty guests.

I left my luxurious couch at daybreak, nature having been disturbed and balked in her efforts to impart to me her sweet restorer "balmy sleep," by a host of fleas. I sought the lavatory for the purpose of performing my ablutions. The boards forming the partition had shrunk and opened in seams an inch wide. As I seized the basin, I heard a gentle snore, and lifting my eyes, perceived through one of these cracks the sleeping form of a maiden lady. A colored handkerchief was tied around her head in lieu of

a night-cap. Being a married man and having a great regard for propriety, I deemed it my duty to warn her that, from her exposed situation, her charms would be revealed to every eye, as all must necessarily come to that exact spot to bathe. I rattled the basin, threw down the dipper violently, coughed and shuffled around for some time, without avail; suddenly she awoke with a snort, sat bolt upright, and observing me through the seam, quickly drew the blanket close around her throat, thereby depriving her lower limbs of the covering, and shouted, "A man! a man! Go away, sir! go away! Landlord! landlord!" Then I presume the thought occurring to her that the handkerchief looked out of place upon her head, she snatched it off, exposing a bald spot in front the size of my hand. In her agitation, not being able to find her false front hair, she seized her hat, containing a long drooping feather, which she had suspended by pinning the strings to the calico partition, and jerking it down, clapped it upon her head wrong side front, the drooping end of the feather projecting and bobbing over her forehead. Removing the hat so violently, without unpinning it, produced a gaping wound in the calico. A rough voice adjoining exclaimed, "What in thunder are yer doin'?" A small dog belonging to the owner of the rough voice began to bark loudly; the lady screamed and sprang upon the floor; the dog leaped upon the bed through the rent in the calico and seized her by the garment; the rough-voiced man stretched his brawny arm through the same opening, seized the dog by the back of the neck, and with a jerk, pulled him away; but the dog's teeth being fastened in the garment, a portion of it went with him. The lady went into hysterics. The uproar had aroused the guests. Hearing footsteps approach, I slipped into my room, convulsed with laughter at the ludicrous result of my honest and praiseworthy intention. One of the boarders, the first upon the scene, stumbled over the bucket of water, and striking heavily against the door of the lady's room, it flew open, and he fell headlong, carrying her with him in his downfall. For a few moments it was like bedlam; but the landlord appearing, he succeeded in quieting them. The lady berated the unfortunate individual who had fallen with her most unmercifully, under the impression that it was he whose eyes had feasted upon her charms. If this should meet the eye of the lady in question, I beg she will accept my most sincere regret and apology for the mortification she endured through that "confounded crack in the partition." We gave two entertainments to crowded audiences in a canvas-house used as a billiard-room.

Our next point was Brigham City. I engaged two very respectable looking vehicles to convey the company. Upon the route we

passed within a quarter of a mile of an Indian camp, and saw the squaws busily engaged cooking, dressing buffalo-skins, etc. A few of the brave warriors sat or half reclined beside their wigwams, lazily smoking. Brigham City is a very pleasant, cheerful place, possessing one wide main street, upon which are located a dozen stores, a good hotel, post-office, and town-hall. Elder Snow has a very fine residence in the city. It is surrounded by a high wall, to exclude the gaze of prying eyes. I was informed by the citizens that he was very much more married than Brigham Young, the number of his wives greatly exceeding those of the President.

Shortly after our arrival an Indian entered the small public room of the hotel and helped himself to tobacco lying upon the counter, filled his pipe, sat down upon a stool, and smoked with imperturbable gravity. His squaw and her papoose squatted upon the ground outside of the hotel, with the bridle of their pony over her arm. He was the chief of the Ute tribe, encamped upon the plain. Seventeen years ago the brother of the landlord was found by this chief in one of the cañons in an exhausted condition from cold and hunger. He had carried the white man upon his shoulders to his wigwam, and by careful nursing restored him. This act evinced his friendly disposition toward the whites, and since then his friendship had frequently been tested, but he was ever found true. His tribe had become greatly reduced in numbers by warfare and disease, and when too hotly pressed by an enemy, always took refuge upon their present camping-ground, its close proximity to the whites being a protection to them. His unpronounceable name signified "Springing Panther;" the whites called him "Joseph." The "Springing Panther" was introduced to the little people, but the landlord at first objected to comply with the wish of the ladies to allow the squaw to enter. "If I allow her once to enter these doors, I will have the greatest difficulty to keep the other squaws out," said he. "No article would be safe; they will steal everything they can lay their hands upon. I permit Joseph to come and go whenever he pleases for the service he did my brother; he helps himself to tobacco and often to spirits, but I have never known him to steal anything."

At length he yielded, and the squaw was introduced, the landlord, who spoke several Indian tongues, acting as interpreter. She was greatly delighted, and frequently compared the size of her papoose with Minnie.

Shortly after supper we heard a terrible whooping and yelling, and looking out to ascertain the cause, saw forty or fifty of the Indians, mounted upon their ponies, dashing down the street and gathering in front of the hotel, where they dismounted. The chief,

squaw had evidently described the "little people" to them. I saw Joseph standing apart. I signified to him that if he would withdraw his warriors and their squaws a few paces from the door, I would allow the "little people" to appear at the window. He formed them in line, and the General, his wife, Commodore, and Minnie appeared. The Indians gazed and jabbered, jabbered and gazed, nodded to each other approvingly, and signified how diminutive the "little people" were by holding their hands horizontally a yard from the ground. The General's moustache and beard



A FANTASTIC BODY-GUARD.

seemed to obtain a goodly share of notice as something strange and pleasing. I presented each Indian with a locket containing photographs of the Lilliputs, to their evident satisfaction and delight. When the ponies and carriage appeared, and conveyed the General and party to the hall, they surrounded and accompanied it—a strange and fantastic body-guard. They would have followed into the hall, but I informed Joseph that he was welcome, but I would not permit any of his tribe to enter. He addressed them with great dignity and pointed to the encampment; they mounted their ponies and dashed off whooping and yelling. The chief entered, and stretching himself upon a large wooden box standing beside the stove, remained until the close of the entertainment.

Two days prior to our arrival in Brigham City, the mutilated body of an Indian belonging to the same tribe had been found in

the cañon, and under the supposition that he had been murdered by a white man, they had declared they would have the lives of three pale-faces in compensation. This intelligence was startling to our party, as we were compelled to return to Corinne the same night we performed in Brigham City. I spoke to the landlord upon the subject, and he said that the Red-skin had been killed by some of their own comrades. They had all been drinking and gambling together, and the murdered Indian had cleaned them out; they all got drunk, and ended by their having a free fight. The winner was driven out of the encampment, and he started for another village beyond the cañon. Three or four of the losers had followed him; they had another fight, and he was killed. The landlord referred to "Jim," a hunter, for the truth of the story, to prove there would be no danger in our starting upon the journey. At 11 o'clock I ordered the vehicles, and as I was about to depart, "Jim" beckoned me apart and whispered: "Them damned skunks are treacherous and keen as a razor. They know you are strangers and wouldn't be missed. I don't think there is much danger, for they don't want to risk making us their enemy; but I'd advise you to keep together on the road; you will look like a strong party. If you had twelve or fifteen miles to go, I wouldn't insure you; as it is, they will be afraid to use their rifles, for that would bring us quickly down upon 'em. If you keep together and make a good show, they will hardly dare to attack you with knives and hatchets." I thanked him for his advice. It was very dark, and as we passed near the Indian village, all of us kept strict silence. Several dogs began to bark and half a dozen dusky forms glided to and fro quickly on the outskirts, as if just aroused, but otherwise all was quiet. A heavy rain set in, which made it uncomfortable, and we were glad to take shelter at last under the canvas roof of the Uinta Hotel.

From Corinne we proceeded to Elko, Nevada, distant 257 miles, passing Promontory City, Monument Point, Independence, and crossing Humboldt River. Our domicile was called the "Cosmopolitan Hotel." This name smacks of elegance and comfort; a few rough boards and canvas formed the structure. We exhibited in the "Opera House," the stage of which was ten feet wide and twelve feet deep. When I stood erect, my head came within six inches of the top of the proscenium. It was brilliantly lighted with candles. The scene across the stage, five feet from the footlights, formed a screen behind which the proprietor and his family lodged. This small space contained a low bedstead, bureau, two chairs, a cooking-stove, a stool, a cradle, the proprietor, his wife, three small children, and a baby. There being no dressing-room,

our ladies were compelled to change their costumes in the same limited space. The children were "put to bed" to get them out of the way; but sleep did not visit their eyelids: they were fully awake to the privilege they enjoyed in being so near such wonderful people, and in each one's eagerness to occupy the front side of the bed, as being the nearest and best for view, kept up such a continual dispute and squabble, occasionally varied by the piping squall of the baby, that it formed a perfect running accompaniment to our entertainment distinctly heard by the audience. One of Mrs. Stratton's songs was thus rendered:

"Thou art dearer than the dewdrop,"

"Take your knees out of my back!"

"To the dry and parching flower;"

"Stop your scrouging, then!"

"Or the sound of soft, sweet music,"

"Will yer hush yer jaw?"

"At evening's twilight hour."

"Ma, won't you make Sue take her dirty feet out of my face?"

"Thou art dearer! thou art dearer!"

"You Sue! lay over to the back side of the bed!"

"Than the moonlight to the sea;"

"Ma, she says she won't do it, and she don't care for you!"

"Or than all the world beside, love,"

"Sue, if I come there, I'll make you feel it!"

"Thou art dearer far to me!"

"O, Ma, she pinched me! Boo, hoo, hoo!"

The "pinched" one cried loudly, which awoke the baby, who added its tiny voice—a sound was heard like a vigorous application of the hand in fulfilment of the threat to "Sue" that she would be made "to feel it," and the last notes of the song were lost in the uproar of this "grand finale." As there was no disapprobation expressed by the audience, but, on the contrary, prolific applause followed, they were evidently pleased. As the receipts were large, I was pleased; to see so many of the first citizens of the place under his roof pleased the proprietor; his wife was pleased because he was pleased; their children were pleased despite the squalling; in fact, we were a pleased party, and our visit to Elko will long be remembered by us.

From Elko we journeyed to Reno, passing *en route* Carlin, Shoshone, Battle Mountain, Golconda, Winnemucca, Humboldt, Granite Point, and Hot Springs—distance 214 miles—thence by stage to Washoe, Carson, Dayton, and Virginia City, giving entertainments in each of those towns. The approach to the city from Dayton is by an easy ascent for three miles, the surface of the country giving evidence of the gold-seekers' labor; thence the road is very rugged, passing through a small town with one long precipitate street called "Gold Hill." Virginia city is well built; and lying upon the side of a mountain at a great elevation, a beautiful view is obtained from its streets. Piper's Opera House is a handsome structure; its interior elegant in appearance.

Traveling by stage was perilous, in consequence of the roads being beset by desperate highwaymen. Not a day passed but either the stage or private vehicles were stopped, and the occupants not only robbed, but if they offered the slightest resistance, were maltreated. At the close of our last afternoon performance, four *gentlemen* called upon me at the hotel, and volunteered some excellent advice. They remarked upon our exposure to loss in carrying such a quantity of valuable jewels publicly worn by the little people at their entertainments, and recommended me to effectually conceal them while upon the road to insure their safety. "I presume," said they, "you take the stage to-morrow for Reno?" I replied in the affirmative.

"In traveling through this section," said one, "I always conceal my valuables in the lining of the coach; if I can't find an opening, I silyly cut one."

"A good idea," said I.

"Do you usually take charge of the diamonds yourself?" inquired a second; "or does the General's wife carry that brilliant set she wears? or perhaps she puts them in her trunk?"

"She would never trust herself with them so long as I am with her," said I.

"I'll put you up to a good dodge," said the third individual; "I have frequently tried it myself and have never lost anything of value, although the scoundrels have gone through me half-a-dozen times. Place your watches, money, and diamonds in your hat. Now, it is a singular fact that those fellows will search you thoroughly, sometimes compelling you to pull off your boots; but it never occurs to them that you would carry anything of value in your hat. I have posted several travelers, and they have since thanked me for their escape. I flatter myself it exhibits a little knowledge of human nature on my part. When the blasted thieves commence to search you, however bold they may have been

in stopping the stage and shouting "Hands up!" they will never look you in the face; it seems as if they had a spark of manhood left, and while going through your pockets, they feel mean. They commence at your shoulders and search downwards, ashamed afterwards to raise their eyes to your head, through fear of encountering your contemptuous gaze. Put your valuables in your hat, sir; put your valuables in your hat!"

"Capital!" said I; "you are indeed a keen observer of human nature; such a simple idea, too; and yet no one would suspect it! I thank you heartily for the hint," shaking him by the hand. The fourth gentleman, who had a cast in his eye and a disagreeable leer, remained silent. After inviting them to take a "smile," we parted. The regular stage started for Reno at noon. Shortly after my advisers left, I called at Wells, Fargo & Co.'s office and chartered two stages to convey our company, to start at seven A. M. After the evening entertainment their agent called at the hotel, and I placed all the diamonds, watches, money, etc., belonging to the company in his charge, with orders to forward them to us, paying them an insurance against loss. We started promptly, and arrived at Reno without interruption. The regular stage, however, was stopped at the foot of the mountain by four highwaymen, and all its occupants robbed. The male passengers, whom I afterwards saw, said that as they descended from the coach, ordered out singly by the robbers, their hats were first seized, and when found empty were kicked about, accompanied with pretty loud swearing on the part of the thieves—Tom Thumb's name being freely interspersed with their oaths. When I heard of the occurrence, I imagined those four *gentlemen* had come to the conclusion I was not such a fool as I looked.

The ride down the mountain is a trying one to weak nerves. The road is cut in the mountain side, and is about ten feet wide with broader excavations one mile apart used as "turn-outs" to allow vehicles approaching in an opposite direction to pass. Placing a shoe upon one of the wheels, the driver, a most expert whip, started the team upon a full trot, which pace they sustained to the base of the mountain. The driver informed me he had driven the same horses over that road for two years; that he trusted more to their instinct in taking the stage around the numerous short curves than to his own judgment and skill; he did not pretend to guide them, but merely held them in check. When the leaders approached an inward curve, they would hug the bank so close that they required a leather shield upon their sides to save them from injury. Helplessly seated in the stage, it causes the heart of the timid to pulsate rapidly with fear to observe the wheels running

within a foot of the edge of a precipice several thousand feet in depth. To all there is a feeling of relief when the driver, pulling up to remove the shoe, exclaims: "All right! we're down the mountain."

From Reno we proceeded to Truckee, Dutch Flat, Nevada, Grass Valley, Sacramento, where we remained three days, and arrived in San Francisco August 2d. While at Sacramento, Vice-President Colfax, who was making a tour of the State, arrived in the city, and received a grand public reception. Ascertaining that the General was stopping at the hotel, he sent his card desiring an interview. The party held a pleasant social converse with him.

The reception of the little people at San Francisco was a perfect ovation. Our entertainments were given in Platt's Hall, capable of holding 2,000 people. Twice each day, and sometimes three times a day, for a fortnight, the hall was filled to repletion. The streets leading from the hotel to the hall were so crowded with ladies and children to see the Lilliputians ride to and fro, that they were rendered impassable for vehicles. To quote the expression of an old pioneer: "Them 'ar dwarfs make more excitement in the streets than an airthquake."

CHAPTER III.

T being my original design to visit Oregon before sailing for Japan, I determined upon fulfilling it, although I would have nearly a thousand miles to travel by stage, most of the road over mountains, if I adopted that route, instead of the shorter and more speedy one by water; but by taking the overland route I could visit many towns in Upper California and southern Oregon, which, from necessity, I would be compelled to omit if I went by steamer. Having obtained two excellent Concord stages, eight horses and two experienced drivers, we started upon the journey, to cross hill, mountain, and valley. We exhibited in the following places: Oakland, Pacheco, Benicia, Vallejo, Napa, Sonoma, Suisun, and Silveyville. The distance from Suisun to Silveyville is twenty miles, and although we started early, unfortunately we got lost upon a plain. After wandering around for two hours we at length struck the Sacramento river, and at half-past one, dusty and fatigued, we alighted at the hotel. Quickly removing the stain of travel, I sought the landlady, and inquired whether we could have dinner.

"You should have come before," said she, sharply; "it was ready at twelve o'clock."

"We lost our road upon the prairie," replied I, "and wandered ten miles out of our course."

"I can't help that," said she; "dinner was ready and you'd oughter been here to eat it."

"I regret our delay," said I; "but *can* we have dinner? We'll take anything."

"'Taint cooked!" said she.

"What?" I inquired.

"Anything!" answered she.

"*Will* you give us dinner?" inquired I, impatiently.

"I s'pose so," said she; "sit down!"

I called our party together, and we took our seats at the table, which was swarming with flies. After a pause, "Speak up!" exclaimed she, "don't be afraid; what'll yer take?"

"I'll take that feather duster," said I, pointing to one lying upon a side table, "with which to brush away these flies."

"No you won't!" said she; "Bill!" addressing a lad, "brush 'em out."

The little people looked askant at me in a state of bewilderment.

"You've got tongues; why don't you use 'em?" snapped she.

"Give your orders," said I to the ladies.

"No orders here!" she exclaimed; "say what you want—beef or mutton?"

After the ladies had expressed their wishes I made my request. The landlady disappeared, and presently returned, bearing each one's plate, which she whirled to them across the table. I looked at the contents of mine and remarked to her:

"Madam, I asked you for beef without gravy, and you give me mutton swimming in gravy."

"You're awful particular!" said she, snatching the plate.

She shortly returned and placed it before me with a thump; as she walked away I remarked to the General in an undertone,

"Is it not a wonder that a person dependent upon the public for support should be so uncivil?"

She overheard me, and turning sharply, exclaimed,

"Eat your dinner, now you've got it, and let the victuals stop your mouth."

I succumbed.

"I don't eat pastry," said the General to her; "I will take a piece of cheese instead."

"Let's see you take it; but you don't take it here," replied she, with a toss of her head.

We finished our meal as solemnly as if we had been eating "funeral-baked meats," and retired with slow and measured step.

She attended the matinée and brought a dozen friends with her, insisting upon paying for the whole party. She appeared to enjoy the performance keenly, laughing immoderately at the ludicrous portion, and shedding sympathetic tears at the sentimental songs. We had a most excellent supper, and she appeared anxious that we should be liberally helped; but she did everything with a snap. It was amusing to see the male boarders enter the dining-room when the bell rang. While she stood bolt upright, her eyes fixed sternly upon the door, they entered with bowed heads and glided silently to their seats, looking like so many pupils in a school-room when a frown upon the master's brow gives indication that severe castigation will speedily follow any delinquency. But few words were spoken during the meal, and those only in whisper. We were all upon our best behaviour, and I was congratulating myself that she

had "buried the hatchet;" but in an unfortunate moment Mr. Richardson, our pianist, asked for some "fried eggs turned over *on both sides*."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed she, derisively; "fried eggs turned over *on both sides*!" then called to the cook, "Fried eggs turned over on both sides. Ha! ha! ha! Fried eggs turned over on *all sides*."

The next morning we bid her farewell upon the piazza, took our seats in the coach and gave the signal to start. She beckoned me to stop; I checked the driver; she approached the side of the vehicle and said:

"Tell that piano thrummer of yours to write and let me know when he gets 'fried eggs turned over *on both sides*.' Ha! ha! ha! Good bye! good bye!" and off she ran into the hotel.

We next visited Davisville, Woodland, Knight's Landing, and Marysville. An incident occurred in going from Marysville to Colusa which for a short time threatened the female members of our company with the shaft of death; but a kind Providence interposed an averting hand. Stopping at a roadside inn we had all alighted but the ladies and Mr. Richardson, while the horses were being watered. The driver wishing to arrange some portion of the harness, descended from his seat, and had scarcely reached the ground when, by some unaccountable fright, the horses started. McCarthy, the driver, rushed between the leaders and the wheel-horses to check them; there was for a few seconds a rearing, struggling, and plunging in a confusing cloud of dust, when the leaders becoming detached the other horses dashed off with the stage. The General and Commodore covered their ears, ran into the inn and closed the door to shut out the clattering sound. I hotly pursued, not with any expectation of being able to overtake and check the runaways, but to be at hand to rescue the mangled remains of the ladies when the inevitable overturning, as I supposed, must occur. After running about three quarters of a mile they suddenly dashed to the side of the road, and striking a fence demolished at least thirty feet of it. Fortunately the stage retained its upright position; but the sudden collision threw one of the horses, which stopped their mad career. In an instant I saw my wife leap from the vehicle with the little ladies in her arms. All of them were pale but self-possessed.

"You have had a fearful ride and a providential escape," said I.

"I did not think any of us would be killed," replied my wife; "in fact, I was too much occupied in holding the little ones to prevent their being thrown out by the bounding and swaying of the vehicle, and also in preventing Mr. Richardson from jumping, to think of death."

"You have saved all our lives, Mrs. Bleeker," said Mrs. Stratton. "I did not have any fear of being killed, but I looked every moment for the upsetting, and then that our bodies would be horribly mangled, and I thought what a terrible blow it would be to poor father and mother when they heard of it."

"I am not to be killed so easily," said Minnie. "I thought to myself, 'Go ahead, horses; do your best; I can ride as fast behind you as you can run.'"



A RUNAWAY.

I would here bear testimony to the wonderful calmness and courage in times of peril exhibited by the ladies under my charge. During the years we have traveled together, they have been in many perilous positions, and have had many narrow escapes; but with them there has been no excitement, no screaming to increase the terror of those around them, and distract the efforts of those able to assist them, but always coolly looking forward to results, and watching to take advantage of every favoring circumstance.

When all were in safety I could not help laughing as I recalled the singular expression and peculiar look of the driver as I ran past him in pursuit of the runaway team. "Get ready to go home!" exclaimed he; "there's an end to the Tom Thumb show."

We next visited Chico, Tehama, Red Bluff, Milville, and Shasta. After leaving Red Bluff we came in view of Mount Shasta with its snow-crowned summit. Our road was to the westward of it, our

nearest approach being twenty miles. From its great elevation and the purity of atmosphere it did not appear half that distance. The peculiar formation of its peak, as it glistened in the sun, looked like "a vast mountain of marble hewn into palaces for men." It required but little imagination to trace in its extreme summit a fac-simile of the Capitol at Washington. We left Shasta at 4 o'clock A.M. for Weaverville, distant forty miles. We picked our way as best we could until daybreak. At 7 o'clock we stopped at a small inn and breakfasted. "Eat heartily," said the landlord; "you have a hard journey before you; you will find considerable rising ground. When you leave here, take the left-hand road at the forks, cross the valley, and then up the little slope." We followed his direction, but found the "little slope" a mountain 2,000 feet high. To relieve the horses we usually alighted from the coaches at the base of a mountain and made the ascent on foot—the little ladies frequently walking three or four miles at a stretch; the healthful exercise produced keen appetites, and they could play as good a game at "knife and fork" whenever we stopped at a ranche as the best of us. Being a good pedestrian, I was often so far in advance as to be entirely out of sight and hearing of our party. When I had reached the top of the "gentle slope," I perceived that by taking a straight course through the timber and brush I would save a considerable distance. I proceeded nearly a mile, starting a quantity of small game, when, hearing a rustling in the undergrowth ahead of me, I paused, fearful that it might be a larger and more ferocious animal. A magnificent "buck" broke through, stopped directly in my path and fixed his fine expressive eyes upon me. Were I a follower of Pythagoras, I should have imagined that the soul of some friend, when in mortal frame, was now an inmate of that creature, so perfectly free from fear was its manner. It was a strange and most surprising encounter. Alone upon a mountain-top in such close proximity to an animal whose instinct of approaching danger is so quick that it requires a skilled huntsman to become its destroyer, and yet I was vouchsafed such a singular chance. After viewing its splendid proportions for a moment, I slowly advanced half a dozen steps; it gave a slight start, and gazed at me with wondering eyes. I paused, then took another step—I was within twenty feet of it—it lowered its head, flourished its antlers, then turned and bounded off. I shortly after caught a glimpse as it dashed across an opening near the road. I am no "Nimrod," never having killed the smallest animal or bird, for *sport*, in my life; the wish, therefore, "Oh, if I had my rifle here!" did not enter my mind. When I had again taken my seat in the coach and related my ad-

venture, I was overwhelmed with questions by the General and Commodore as to its size, probable weight, color, etc. "If I had been in your place, with my double-barrel, we would have had a supper of venison," said the General. "I'd have made this little fellow speak for it," said the Commodore, touching his pocket.

After crossing three lofty mountains, at 3 P.M. we came in sight of a ranche, the first habitation we had seen for seven hours. There was nothing along the route to indicate the distance we had traveled, but all agreed in the opinion that the town must be near. Our horses were worn out, and we were completely jaded. As we approached I hailed a man standing in the door of the ranche.

"How many miles to Weaverville?"

"Nine miles and a mountain to cross," replied he.

Our driver dropped the reins and gave a heavy sigh.

"What is the distance to Shasta, from whence we came?" I asked.

"Thirty-one miles," said he.

"It's sixty miles if it's an inch!" shouted Mr. Kellogg; "or else they are Irish miles, long and narrow."

"You'd better water your horses," said the man, "for you'll not find another stopping-place between here and town."

We followed his advice, and proceeded. Entering the town at 5 P.M. we found the street, the windows, and doorways thronged with people. As we drove by, they received us with cheers, and then made a general rush towards the hall. The public had been waiting since noon for our arrival, many of them having come a distance of thirty miles. In half an hour from the time we entered the town the audience was comfortably seated and enjoying the entertainment. We had scarce time to snatch a few mouthfuls of refreshment when the hall was again crowded to witness a second performance. It had been a long and laborious day's work, yet the little people went through their entertainment with spirit.

The next day we went to Trinity Centre, thirty miles, and the following one "Scott's Mountain," 9,500 feet, lay in our route. We started early, and arrived at the foot of the mountain at 10 A.M. The distance to the summit is six miles; the road is narrow, and at times running along the edge of precipices several thousand feet deep. The mountain is covered with pine timber of magnificent growth. I left the coach at its base, and made the ascent on foot. When half-way up, at a most dangerous portion of the road, I came upon six heavily-laden wagons, each drawn by eight mules, in a perplexing predicament. Four were ascending and two descending; the road was not three feet wider than the wagons. Upon one side the mountain rose steeply, and upon the other a

frightful precipice with a roaring torrent below. The prospect looked gloomy. "I will be sure to miss my appointment for the first time," thought I. After a long consultation, the teamsters seized their axes, climbed to the nearest trees, and felled the smallest of them, dragged them across the road, and placed them side by side with their upper portions projecting over the precipice, covering them again with smaller branches. When they had completed a bridge of sufficient length, the first ascending wagon drove upon the inner portion, and thus acted as a counterweight, while the two descending wagons passed over this perilous projection. As I heard the trees crack, and saw them spring up and down, my heart fairly leaped. When they had safely accomplished this fearful undertaking, I warned them that our coaches were ascending, and told them to stop and wait for them to pass at the turnout a mile below. Mr. Keeler accompanied me in my walk, and as we trudged along we both experienced that feeling of admiration commingled with awe, which fills the breast of every wayfarer upon the mountain. From our lofty position we could perceive the distant ranges stretching far away to the southward until they appeared imperceptibly to merge into faint irregular clouds along the line of horizon; beneath us the lofty trees looked like bushes, the dashing waterfalls like fluttering ribbons. There was such a profound stillness that it became irksome. At length we reached the summit, and descried a large log-hut before us. I entered, and found two men seated before the capacious chimney; a large fire was burning and an iron kettle stood in front of it. In the centre of the cabin was a small table with two cups and saucers upon it. I greeted them, and they invited me to be seated.

"We were just about to take a cup of tea," said one; "will you have some?"

I thanked him, and told him we had walked ahead of our coaches containing General Tom Thumb, his little wife, and another small couple. He had heard of "General Tom Thumb, but didn't know he had a wife. How large was she?" I described the little people, and added that I thought they also would enjoy a cup of tea. He went to his little closet, brought out half a dozen cups and saucers, and although they appeared perfectly clean, he washed and rubbed them with great diligence. "I must give 'em some of my best," said he, and produced a small caddy, from the contents of which he brewed a large teapot full; he then placed some very nice fresh white bread upon the table. "My own make," said he. "You see I live here all alone. I am tollman. The road over the mountain was made by the Mail Stage Company. This man is a friend come up to spend a few hours

with me. I don't go to town more than once a month. I can't leave in the daytime, and I'm afraid to be out at night on account of the bears."

"Are there any bears around here?" inquired I.

"Lots on 'em," replied he, "both grizzlies and cinnamons."

Now, although I had frequently preceded our coaches, solitary and alone, for miles through woods and over mountains, the thought of grizzlies or peril from any other wild animal had never entered my mind.

"The 'grizzly' has the name," continued he, "but I think the 'cinnamon' is the most ugly customer."

"It's a wonder we were not molested. I feel an anxiety for our coaches," said I.

"There's not much danger in the daytime," replied he, "for the noise of the wagons drive them away from the road; very few persons cross the mountain on foot, and they are always prepared for a tussle. An old she-bear having young is sometimes pretty bold when she's hungry, and will show herself and frighten horses, which is dangerous business, for if they shy they have an ugly tumble. If such a one had seen you, you'd had trouble."

How thankful I was that no she-bear having young did see me; it is probable my carcass would have graced her festive board. What, thought I, if such a female should appear to our horses, where else should I look for the "Tom Thumb party" but in some ravine thousands of feet below?

"At night they take to the road," continued he; "it is a good clear run for them, or else the varmints are on the look-out for human flesh. I always close my door at nightfall, and have those fellows handy in case of need," pointing to three rifles hanging upon a rack. "I have many a night stood in that window when the moon has been shinin', and seen half a dozen of the rascals go down the road. I don't fire at 'em; I'd only wound 'em, and that wouldn't do me any good."

An hour passed, and the coaches did not arrive. I felt very uneasy, and determined to retrace my steps. Finally, to my relief as well as surprise, I saw the ladies approaching alone on foot, each with a scarf tied around her head, a shawl thrown carelessly over one shoulder, and carrying a long stick in her hand. They looked like gipsies. They had left the coaches two miles down the mountain. The toll-man was delighted to see them, and we did ample justice to his humble fare. When the ladies related that after alighting from the coaches they had left the road and climbed higher up in the timber, the toll-man shook his head, and said, "Twarn't prudent, you'd better have stuck to the road." I told

them of the dangers to which we were exposed from bears, and cautioned them thereafter to remain with the coaches. Minnie said if any she-bear devoured her, she would have the satisfaction of disagreeing with her. The descent of the mountain, although dangerous, was more rapid, and at 4 P. M. we drew rein at "Callahan's Rancho." There were an inn, three small houses, and a blacksmith's shop in view. The place derived its name from the original settler. The rain began to pour in torrents. After supper we placed the table at one end of the room to serve as a platform, and pressed every chair and stool we could find into service for seats. I had announced an entertainment to take place at 8 o'clock: "admission, one dollar!" Shortly after 7 o'clock, men, women, and children began to arrive to the number of eighty, which crowd completely filled the room; they all enjoyed the programme. After the performance the room was cleared, and a couple of fiddles being found, the young folks indulged in dancing for three or four hours, while the older ones indulged in refreshments, whiskey passing freely. Amongst those present was the toll-man, and as he could not leave for home until morning, I returned the hospitality he had shown us the day we were upon the mountain.

The next morning broke clear and cold. I looked out of my window at "Scott's" towering form, and observed it completely covered with snow! Fortunately we had already crossed its summit, or our progress northward would have been impeded for a time.

Our next stopping place was Yreka, thence across the lofty "Siskiyou Mountains" to Cottonwood, Ashland, Jacksonville, Rockport, Grave Creek, Canonville, Roseburg, and Oaklands, in Oregon. The distance to Eugene City, our next destination, being too great to accomplish in one day, I arranged my route so as to have the benefit of Sunday for traveling. Mr. Davis had made arrangements with a man living in a small scattered village called "Forest Grove," but more commonly known by the euphonious title of "Slab Town," to provide us with supper, lodging, and breakfast on our way. Our road lay through a narrow cañon about two miles; we were three hours toiling through it. The high mountain upon either side excluded every ray of sunlight, and a more dismal, damp, and noisome place I would never wish to encounter. The wet and muddy earth would engulf horses and vehicles but for the labor of man in forming a rough corduroy road through it. As we emerged from this horrible place we met a man, wife, and two small children seated in a wagon drawn by a small, weak-looking horse.

"Do you think we can get through this cañon before dark?" inquired he.

"Impossible," replied I; "we were in it for three hours; in half an hour it will be dark; portions of the corduroy road has rotted away; if we had not daylight to pick our way we would now be sunk in the mire."

The man and wife consulted together a few moments, and then he said, "I'll try it."

"You had better alter your determination," said I.

We parted. I looked back a few moments after, and they were again at a stand-still, and debating; finally he whipped up his horse and they disappeared in the gloomy gap; it seemed as if they were entering the jaws of some fabled monster. We pictured to ourselves the sufferings which they would endure if compelled to pass the night in such a place, the dampness and cold of which seemed to penetrate to our very bones; not a single dry twig could be obtained with which to build a fire. A few days after I learned *the man and horse only emerged from that cañon.*

Night overtook us upon the road, and yet no house was visible; we concluded that we had lost our way, and that we would be compelled to camp out for the night; our horses were so fatigued that they stopped every few minutes. In sheer desperation our drivers urged them across a plain, determined "to hit something." They did "hit something," for soon the horses' hoofs struck upon a hard road, and we observed a faint light in the distance. We gave a cheer; the poor animals, as if aware that a good supper and rest for them were not far distant, snorted an echo. From the faint starlight we observed a number of dark objects moving upon the road; a nearer approach revealed to us a crowd of men and boys who had been spending the Sabbath horse-racing. A man climbed upon our coach and attempted to enter. I seized him.

"Hold on!" he shouted; I'm your landlord; I had to go to the store for candles, and I thought I'd come down the road a piece and meet you."

I released my hold, and he took his seat. We arrived at his house, and entered; it was in total darkness, and a shrill voice saluted our ears, "Have you got them candles?"

"I told John to stop at the store and bring 'em along; he'll be here in ten minutes," replied the man.

"Wh—at!" screamed the wife; "I sent you for them candles at 8 o'clock this morning; now it's 7 o'clock at night, and you ain't got 'em yet; you've been off racing agin."

"Hush!" said he aside to her; "here's Tom Thumb!"

"I don't care if thumb, fingers, and the whole hand is here—where 's them candles?" exclaimed she.

"The old woman's mad, ain't she?" whispered the husband.

"Slightly riled," replied I.

"Racing, racing, all day long!" continued she; "neglecting your family, leaving us here without fire or light. You know I can't cut the wood, and we've been sitting here in the chilly room until we've all caught our death o' colds. If you want to see racing, stay at home and *look at our noses run.*"

There was an evident dash of humor in her composition, judging from the last remark, which argued well for her husband, and which he appreciated, for he laughed heartily and went out to fetch the wood. In the meantime the ladies produced candles and matches from their satchels—always being provided with such necessary articles in case of emergency. When the candles were lighted, the sight of the little people to our hostess was like oil upon the troubled water; she was instantly subdued, and supper speedily provided.

When we arrived at "Eugene City" I found that the Court House, which was engaged for our entertainment, was mounted upon wheels, in process of removal. Although I held a contract, signed by the authorities, leasing the building to me for use upon that day, the only satisfaction I could obtain in reply to my demand was the modest request to "hold my breath until I got it." As a resort to legal measures for damage would be like "bucking against the bull," and as the suspension of my breathing apparatus for such an indefinite period would probably result in a funeral, I wasted no time in argument, but bestirred myself to find a suitable place for our purpose. I succeeded in inducing the trustees of the Methodist Church to grant us the privilege of their building. It was a new and very neat edifice, and the public were certainly benefited by the change, as they were more comfortably seated in the cushioned pews than upon the wooden forms used in the Court House.

We next went to "Salem." The "State Fair" being held two miles from the city, I made an arrangement with Mr. John Wilson, proprietor of the "Great American Circus," for the little people to occupy his canvas. The mammoth tent was filled to overflowing at each entertainment. From Salem we proceeded to Oregon City, thence to Portland, appearing in "Philharmonic Hall" Monday, Oct. 18th, afternoon and evening. The number of citizens unable to gain admission was so great, and Mr. Wilson arriving in the city, the Fair having closed the Saturday previously, I again arranged with him for the use of his canvas for the purpose of giving an entertainment the next day; the tent was filled. At 10 P.M. we sailed

in Steamship Oriflamme, and after a pleasant trip of sixty-six hours landed at San Francisco. The weather was exceedingly fine, and for two days we were amused viewing the great number of whales blowing and disporting, frequently within a hundred yards of the vessel. One of them crossed within fifty feet of the bow.

"A little quicker," said the Captain, "and we would have struck that fellow; in such a case if we didn't kill him, he'd strike back and make us stagger."

After visiting San José and Stockton we returned to San Francisco, and performed two days to very large audiences.

CHAPTER IV.



STREET IN YOKOHAMA.

NOVEMBER 4th, 1869, we sailed in the Pacific Mail Steamship "America," Captain Doane, for Yokohama, Japan. It had been predicted by an astronomer that upon the above date an earthquake of unusual severity would be experienced, accompanied by a tidal wave, the effect of which would be felt many leagues at sea, and warning ship-captains not to leave port. The morning was very calm, and many persons, believing in the prediction, imagined that they discovered in the state of the atmosphere a similarity to that which preceded the last great earthquake. However, as announced, the "America" sailed, and the "shake" did not come off.

There were 1,100 Chinamen on board, but such was the immense capacity of the vessel that few of the cabin passengers were aware of the fact. The stewards were all Chinamen—also the crew

It is difficult for a Chinaman to pronounce or give expression to the letter R, invariably substituting the letter L. It startled us the first day when our steward asked us at table if we would "hab some lice"—meaning rice—and requesting us to "takee clambelly saucee," for cranberry sauce. Such peculiarities are overlooked, particularly when you find them such patient and faithful servants.

The Chinese passengers (a certain number only at a time) were allowed upon the fore-castle, where they passed the time gambling with a species of domino. On the morning of the 11th, a Chinaman died, and his body was embalmed by the doctor. It was placed in one of the life-boats hanging by the davits close by the starboard wheel-house.

I would here explain that when a Chinaman dies on shipboard, his body is embalmed, carried to China, and delivered to the relatives of the deceased—the friends wanting such positive proof of his death, and he, the deceased, exacting such contract before engaging passage. The great desire by the Chinese to honor their dead is evidenced by the fact that the bodies of those dying abroad are transported to China for subsequent burial. As the transportation of a single body would be beyond the individual means of the mass, they accomplish the object by combination. Every two or three years the inhabitants of any particular district in China, having relatives buried in California or anywhere else abroad, form a company and send for the remains. They are easily identified, as at the time of death a record is made by a Chinese agent of the birthplace, age, and where the deceased is buried. A contract is made with the steamship company to transport them in quantity as freight; the embalming of bodies sufficient to preserve them until the vessel reaches China, of those who die on the voyage, is in accordance with this contract. On the evening of the day the Chinaman died, two of his countrymen ascending to the deck perceived the green light carried as a signal upon the wheel-house, and supposing it to be the spirit of the departed, rushed below in great excitement and informed their friends of that they had seen. The news spread from mouth to mouth, until their chattering made the ship a perfect Babel. The officers endeavored to allay the excitement, but it was not until the interpreter had been aroused, and he had explained the matter to them, that quiet was restored. There were five Chinamen traveling as first-class passengers; having embarked in business in California they had accumulated considerable wealth, and were returning to their native land to spend their holidays. Amongst them was the son of a contractor for the supply of provisions to the Chinese laborers upon the Pacific Rail-

road. He was an intelligent young man, and very anxious to acquire a correct knowledge of the English language, asking me at every available opportunity to instruct him. He was an accomplished scholar, but, like all his countrymen, the expression of the letter R was a stumbling-block to him; it was many days before he could master it, and then only by the most indefatigable practice. I frequently observed him leaning over the guards earnestly repeating simple words in which the letter occurred.

The Chinese evince an outward feeling of indifference at the death of a friend or comrade by accident or design. This apparent indifference was exhibited in a circumstance which occurred on the afternoon of the 12th. A Chinaman, becoming insane from the excessive use of opium, threw himself into the sea through one of the port-holes. The officer of the deck by chance saw the man's head emerge from the water, and shouted, "A man overboard!" The vessel was stopped and search made, but nothing was visible but a flock of gulls which had settled upon the water where the man was last seen. When the officer interrogated the Chinaman who was quietly dozing in the adjoining berth, he confessed that he saw the man slip through the port-hole; and when asked why he did not immediately raise the alarm, replied, "Joss wantée no my pidjin," meaning that their god "Joss" wanted the man, and it was not his business to interfere. I asked my Chinese friend for an explanation. He said that "Joss," wishing to take the man to himself, used such a means to obtain him, and any interference with his design would make the god very angry. If any person had rescued the man, "Joss" would have held that person responsible for all the deeds the man committed the rest of his life, and no one was willing to oppose their god, or take such a responsibility. Respect for their dead was engendered by the fact that the remnant of clay was the sacred property of "Joss."

I would advise all Europeans visiting China to place no dependence upon expected aid from a Chinaman if they should happen to fall overboard! He will eagerly seize your hat, stick, or any article of personal apparel, but will leave you to struggle alone.

Amongst our fellow-passengers was a man by the name of Mr. B. Having accumulated a fortune in the lumber business in Oregon and California, and being unmarried, he had, like us, determined upon making a tour of the world, "just for pleasure," and because he thought "it would pay." The great desideratum with him was to have everything "pay." If the pleasure received did not fully compensate for the outlay, it "did not pay," and it "must be knocked off."

The first ten or twelve days after leaving San Francisco he drank

a quart bottle of whisky per day; but the surgeon of the ship thinking the continuance of the practice would result in Mr. B. being tormented by an imaginary zoological collection, reduced his allowance one-half. After pondering over the matter a day or two, he remarked to me,

"I don't like the doctor of this ship. He has instructed the head steward not to sell me a greater quantity than half a bottle of whisky a day."

"He did it for your good, Mr. B.," replied I; "for I am certain you are rapidly shortening your days by your excessive drinking."

"Do you really think so?" said he; then, after a moment's reflection, "Well, perhaps you are right!" Another pause; "Yes, you *are* right! It won't pay! I'll knock it off!"

From that moment I did not again see him under the influence of liquor. Every afternoon he entered the smoking-room, took a seat, and invited any one present to play a game of "euchre." He would play but one game, then throw down the cards and leave the room. He played several days in succession with Mr. Davis. Mr. D. observed he cheated, but let the matter pass without comment; finally the trick was too glaring, and he said,

"Mr. B., you cheat!"

Mr. B. coolly replied, "Well, I believe I do!" Pause; "Yes, I *do*! you've discovered it; it won't pay, now; I'll knock it off!"

All subsequent games he played honestly.

The previous year he had visited Naples, and was elated with the beautiful city. He intended to revisit it, and with a most generous anxiety urged others to enjoy the same exquisite pleasure.

"Do you think of going to Naples?" inquired he.

"Probably," replied I.

"I would advise you to go," said he; "it's the most beautiful city I ever saw; you may not make much money there, but I'd advise you to go—it will *pay*!"

This would be the conclusion of every conversation we had, if we met a dozen times a day.

"I understand," said he to Mr. and Mrs. Green, who were on their way to Jeddo, as missionaries, "that you are going to Japan to convert the heathens; it won't pay! Knock it off!"

"We expect a much richer reward," replied Mr. Green, "than man can bestow."

"May be, may be," said Mr. B.; "but it won't pay—you won't make a d——d cent! Take my advice, and knock it off! Go to Naples instead—it's the most beautiful city I ever saw; you may not make much money there, but it will *pay*!"

Passing to the southward of the Sandwich Islands, the next near-

est land was Brookes' Island, sixty miles to the northward, in latitude 29, longitude 178. It is a small, uninhabited tract, upon which the Pacific Mail Steamship Company have deposited a vast amount of coal, in case any of their steamers should exhaust their supply through delays by storm, or other circumstances. On the 20th we saw great numbers of those curious inhabitants of the deep, "flying fish." Emerging from the water they skimmed along, five or six feet above the surface, for a distance of twenty or thirty yards, and then disappeared. From that time we saw them daily.

Up to the 27th, with the exception of a few squalls, thunderstorms, and high seas, our voyage had been very prosperous; but near midnight a terrific gale commenced, and for four hours raged fearfully. Nearly all the passengers assembled in the saloon, in dread anxiety as to the issue. I had retired to rest early, and slept soundly, totally unconscious of the fearful knocking about we were receiving. Mrs. Stratton and Minnie, occupying adjoining cabins, were in a great fever of excitement as to the safety of myself and wife. From the construction of our room our only means of access to the saloon was to pass through the door which opened upon the guards, thence through that narrow and exposed passage.

"I started to come to your state-room two or three times, in the height of the storm," said Mrs. S. to us in the morning, "to see if you were safe, for I thought several times, when the sea broke over the vessel, that it would force your door and wash you overboard; but I didn't have strength to open the saloon door to get out, and everybody there was so frightened they couldn't assist me."

I could not help smiling at the earnestness of her manner while thus expressing her supposed ability to assist us, if we were in actual danger, while I fully appreciated the great kindness, unselfishness, and courage exhibited in her intention.

On the morning of the 30th November we came in view of Nippon, the largest of the islands which form the Empire of Japan, the other principal ones being Siko, Kiusiu, and Jesso. There are several active volcanoes on the island of Nippon, and our eyes were greeted with the view of one in full operation. All the islands in the entire archipelago are mountainous—many of the summits 12,000 feet high. Extinct volcanoes are numerous; the most magnificent amongst them is "Fitsu-yama," nearly 14,200 feet elevation. Its base is forty miles from the coast. As the morning sun dispelled the mist, we saw it in all its glory; its entire summit was covered with snow—no ugly scars, seams, or fissures, but a round, white, unspotted cap, glistening in its purity. There is a legend that several thousand years ago a favorite emperor was buried upon its summit. The mountain immediately became illuminated, and

for ages after sent forth a living fire—a tribute for the honor conferred upon it. It is greatly revered by the natives, and many of their beautiful cabinets, vases, and porcelain ornaments are embellished with views of it. At 1 P.M. we entered the harbor of Yokohama. When the “America” came in sight, hundreds of small native boats, called “sampan”—very buoyant and propelled by means of long oars—put out from the shore; and when the anchor was dropped, and the ladder lowered, there was such shouting and struggling to get favorable positions near the ladder, that I expected to see dozens of them precipitated into the water. If any of them had been drowned it would have verified the truth, literally, that as “they came naked into the world, they would go naked out of it,” most of them having no more covering than Adam immediately after his fall. Having engaged one of the largest sampans, containing three oarsmen, I disembarked with the little people. As we pushed off, Mr. B. hastened to the gangway:

“Good-bye,” said he; “don’t forget to go to Naples!” the distance between us was rapidly increasing; “it is the most beautiful place I ever saw!” Raising his voice, “You—may—not—make—much—money,”—then shouting through his hands as we sped onward—“but—it—will—pa-a-ay!”

I stood up, bowed and waved my hand in acknowledgment.

Yokohama is situated four miles south of the original port of entry, which is named “Kanagawa.” It possesses a capacious harbor opening at the north to the bay of Jeddo. The city proper is very large, having a native population of 50,000. The foreign residents number about 700; but communication with Japan being so easy and rapid, they are increasing in strength. All have a single eye to the benefits which they anticipate from commercial intercourse with this curious nation. For many years the commercial benefit will be upon their side, as their requirements from other nations are few. The native vegetation includes most of the products of a temperate, and many of a tropical climate. Rice and barley are extensively cultivated; the cotton-plant extensively grown in the southern portion of the empire. The tea-plant, tobacco, and mulberry very largely engage their attention; in fact, they are diligent cultivators of the soil, and live upon its produce. Tomatoes, sweet potatoes (differing, however, greatly in taste from the American production, as it is white and watery, and resembles in flavor a frosted Irish potato), peas, beans, carrots, cabbage, etc., may be obtained. The peas are very large, of a russet color, tempting in appearance, but utterly tasteless. Fish they have in abundance, amongst which are soles, mackerel, trout, eels, and magnificent salmon—the latter, however, are brought from

the southern portion of the island "Saghalien." The internal trade is immense, and the connecting roads good; the greater number of inhabitants, however, are located upon the coast. There are not many species of wild animals found, the principal being boars—very large and savage—bears, deer, foxes, and monkeys. Amongst the variety of trees, which consist of the oak, cypress, fir, camphor, and mulberry, is the varnish tree. It also grows in China, and is called by the Chinese "Tsi-choo." I do not recollect the Japanese name. A description of the manner in which the varnish is obtained may not be uninteresting; the operation is very simple:

"In appearance the tree resembles an ash, and has a laurel-shaped leaf of a light-green color. It is frequently cultivated in plantations, cultivation making it yield three times the product than in its wild state. When seven or eight years old, the tree begins to afford the varnish, which is gathered in the following manner: The workmen, with a crooked knife, make an incision in the bark of the tree about two inches in length, in which they insert the edge of a hollow shell. As the varnish flows only at night, this operation is performed in the evening, the season being the middle of summer. In the morning the workmen remove the shells, and carefully depositing their contents in vessels, throw the shells into baskets at the foot of the tree. The following evening the process is again repeated, and continued throughout the summer, or until the varnish ceases to flow. It is computed that fifty trees, attended by a single workman, will yield a pound of varnish every night. When the gathering is over, the varnish is strained through a thin cloth, and the little impurities remaining in the strainer is used in certain quantities as physic. There is a corrosive property in the varnish which operates injuriously to the workmen, producing a tetter over the whole body and swelling of the head. To counteract the effect, the workmen rub their bodies with oil, wash themselves with a decoction of herbs and barks, and prepare themselves by a course of medicine. They also wrap their heads in linen veils, cover their bodies also with leather, and wear long gloves reaching above the elbows."

To return to a description of Yokohama. A high bluff at the south overlooks the city and harbor; upon this bluff the foreign residents have erected tasteful residences. The "Bund," extending along the water-front, is an agreeable drive. The principal streets are wide, which differ from most of the other cities, whose streets, with the exception perhaps of one thoroughfare, average twelve or fifteen feet in width. Curio-street contains the Japanese silk stores, curiosity shops, etc., and is the great resort for for-

eigners who wish to purchase Japanese articles of manufacture. Most of the houses in the native city are one story in height; the entire front of the shops are open, the floors of which are raised about two feet above the level of the street, and covered with matting, upon which the shop-keepers are seated with a brazier of living coals beside them for the purpose of lighting their pipes, as they indulge immoderately in smoking. As the bulk of their stock is displayed conspicuously about the front of their shops, it does not always necessitate making an entrance to purchase; but to ensure cleanliness several pairs of large sandals are placed conveniently, and in these you are expected to insert your feet before entering. Labor is remarkably cheap, the wages of a superior native mechanic being about six cents a day; consequently, the most beautiful articles of Japanese manufacture may be purchased at astonishingly low prices in the native shops. Mexican dollars is the currency used, the smaller coin are whole, half, and quarter itzibu. An itzibu is an oblong coin of alloyed silver, covered with characters expressing its value, which is about thirty-three cents. The kobang is of gold so pure that it easily bends; it is a long oval in form, and about two inches in length—value \$16. They are not much used, and are difficult to obtain, the government objecting to their being given to foreigners, wishing to retain the gold in the country.

Belonging to the Mongolian race, the Japanese much resemble the Chinese in feature, but greatly excel them in spirit, energy, physical and mental powers, and are far more honest and truthful. The laboring classes are athletic, powerful fellows; their strength and endurance astonishing. Although buffaloes are frequently used as beasts of burden, almost everything is transported upon the shoulders of natives, or upon primitive-looking carts propelled by men. Four of them will wheel one of these rude vehicles, containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ tons of stone, with comparative ease. At every step they give utterance to a short, quick sound, and upon all sides is heard the "Hul! hul! huldah! hul!" of the natives as they move along. Two of them will carry a stone of such great weight, suspended from a stout stick between them, that it would test the strength of six common New York laborers to lift.

North of the city, at a distance of two miles, is the place of execution. A quick and sharp operation it is. The victim, with his arms tied behind him, as if he were trussed, kneels upon the border of a hole, his head inclined forward as if looking into the intended gaping receiver of his body—a quick, powerful blow with a two-handed sword, the head rolls into the hole, the body follows, the earth is heaped upon it, and all is finished. I saw two crim-

inals on their way, walking with a cool, indifferent air. I received an invitation to be present, but declined witnessing the sickening sight. Near the place of execution is a quarter occupied by outlaws, the protection of government having been withdrawn from them for political offences. If they are killed by native or foreigner, no notice is taken of the circumstance by the officials. I approached the quarter, but I observed it was avoided by the natives.

We performed in a new Masonic Hall with great success. The next morning after our arrival, accompanied by the ladies, I proceeded to view the city proper. Until we reached the limit of the English Concession, we passed along with little obstruction from wondering natives, the presence of the English soldiers keeping them aloof; but beyond that point the excitement commenced. As we passed through Curio-street they came dashing in from the adjoining avenues until our followers amounted to over five hundred in number; they deserted their shops, they ran from their stalls, the workmen threw down their tools, and all joined in the procession. Great as was their number, for order and respectful demeanor they would shame many European assemblages. If they crowded too closely I had only to wave my hand, and a passage would instantly be opened for us. Amongst the females there seemed to be a unanimous desire to touch the little ladies, which privilege I granted to many of them. They interrogated me as to the nationality of the ladies by pointing at them, and saying "Mellican?" When I replied in the affirmative, they expressed extreme delight. Few Europeans ever had such a rare and peculiar retinue. Seated at intervals along the streets were a number of Japanese firemen; their costume was a tighter-fitting garb than worn by others, of a blue-black, covered with characters in white—I presume an announcement of their calling, district, etc. In appearance they reminded me of the late Jim Crow Rice, in his character of the Virginia Mummy.

The Japanese women are generally of full figures, clear-skinned, ruddy-cheeked, and bright-eyed; small, uncompressed feet, beautiful white teeth, and luxuriant hair add to the charms of the unmarried; but the married ladies invariably blacken their teeth—a custom which detracts amazingly from their otherwise good looks. I have previously mentioned that the boatmen were almost in a state of nature; this also applies to the laboring classes, or coolies. They wear a short dress of coarse material, in shape resembling a dressing-gown, fastened at the waist with a scarf. While working they throw it off their shoulders, and tuck the skirt under the scarf; numbers of them wear a skirt only, scarce half a yard long. But the

officials and upper classes are clothed in rich gowns of silk and cotton, with silken petticoat-trowsers beneath, their feet encased in cloth socks, with a division between the large and second toe for the purpose of inserting the great digit in the loop of the sandal. The greater and lesser sword are worn in a silken sash. Their swords are never drawn except for positive use. Laying my hand upon an official's sword, I asked him to draw it, and allow me to examine the blade; he stepped back quickly and exclaimed: "Me pullee, me strikee!" with a motion indicating that as he unsheathed, the same sweeping motion of his hand would sever his opponent's head from his body.

While at Yokohama we saw the U. S. steamer *Oneida* lying in the harbor, and having made the acquaintance of the officers, enjoyed much social communion with them. The day of our departure they came on board the steamer to bid us farewell. As we clasped hands in parting, many were the wishes exchanged and hopes expressed that we would again meet in our own native land. Little did we imagine that the skeleton hand would so soon and suddenly destroy that hope.

On the afternoon of December 1st, 1869, we embarked on board the steamship *New York*, commanded by that gentlemanly and popular officer, Captain W. G. Furber, formerly in the service of the Collins line of Liverpool steamers. He is one of the oldest captains navigating the inland sea, an extremely difficult and dangerous passage, requiring great skill and intimate knowledge of every point, rock, and headland. Confidence in his knowledge and seamanship left our minds free to enjoy the beautiful scenery.

"Jeddo," the capital of the empire, is situated upon the south side of the island of Nippon. A description of one city will apply to all:—Houses one story in height; streets mostly narrow and tortuous; the greater proportion of houses being used as shops impart a busy, thriving appearance to every town. The principal cities of the island of Jesso—Matsmai and Hakodadi—are rather an exception in appearance to other towns, the streets being wide and regular. At Hioga, containing a native population of 25,000, I found but seventy Europeans, and only three white females. While in Japan we exhibited before the high officials (who were deeply interested in the little people), the Japanese ladies, and the few Europeans to be found in the empire. The dignitaries vied with each other in expressions of kindness and hospitality. When the General's and Commodore's titles were announced to them, through an interpreter, they looked upon them as important personages in our country, and extended all the courtesies due "great men."

The Japanese jugglers exhibiting in the streets of the cities are

wonderfully clever, performing feats far surpassing any exhibited by the troupes now traveling in the United States; but there is a vein of lewdness through their performance which would abash even the most bold European observer, but which the male and female portion of the natives appear to enjoy as the comic portion of the entertainment. Having witnessed, upon several occasions, these objectionable features, I cautioned several of the female passengers who accompanied the little ladies ashore at Hioga, against stopping, should they happen to meet any jugglers in their course through the city. We had scarcely entered its precinct when we saw, at an intersection of the main street, a crowd of natives, male and female, standing in a circle and surrounding a performer. Female curiosity was too strong, and half a dozen of the lady passengers insisted upon stopping, leaning upon the arms of their gallants. I passed on with our little party. Hearing a shout of laughter from the natives we looked back, and saw the ladies making a precipitate retreat, with heightened color, some covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, and the gentlemen following with confused countenances.

I scarce know how to reply when interrogated as to my opinion of Japanese morals. There is much totally unfit to be written, which were I to relate would subject me to the charge of drawing a "very long bow," but which all travelers in Japan know to be facts. As we must gauge our ideas of what constitutes immorality in a nation somewhat by their own knowledge and standard of the term—whether the intent of their peculiar customs is to propagate evil and licentiousness, or whether they consider them harmless traditionary usages—much consideration is required before a judgment is expressed. It is certain, however, that if intercourse with other nations does not teach the Japanese to draw the distinctive line between that which is in appearance lewd and offensive, and that which is in strict accordance with propriety, all foreigners visiting that empire will find it necessary to continually bear in mind and apply the motto, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" In examining the wares, ornaments, and curiosities that are exposed for sale in their shops, and displayed before you by the peddlers, you will be so frequently and unexpectedly surprised and shamed, that you will at length become fearful, however much you may admire a beautiful cabinet, or exquisitely inlaid box, of opening it in presence of ladies. The treatment peddlers are receiving from Europeans are making them more circumspect in such matters.

"The officers of the ship told me that the male and female baths are in common, and that they are visible from the street," said the General to me.

"'T is true," replied I; "I have seen them in several places."

"I can't believe it unless I see it!" said the General, who, like "Thomas," is a great doubter.

"Come with me," said I, "and I will show you one I saw this morning in this city."

Taking him by the hand we threaded our way through the busy crowd, his appearance attracting many followers, until we arrived in front of the bath-house. A wide opening gave quite a distinct view of the interior. Upon one side of the opening was a small desk standing upon a raised platform; behind the desk stood two females, their hair elaborately dressed, their costumes faultless; they acted as ticket-sellers. Upon the other side, but standing a little distance within, was another female, acting in the capacity of ticket-taker. As we paused at the door the ticket-sellers observed the "General" for a moment with surprise, then burst into a merry laugh, and called the attention of the "ticket-taker," who advanced and joined in the merriment.

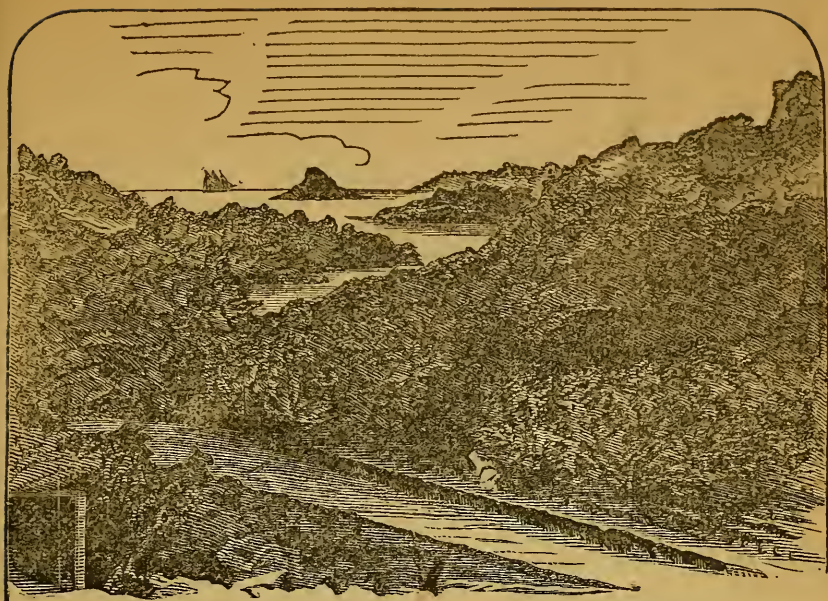
"Let's endeavor to get inside," said the General, pulling my coat; "I am so short I can't see from this spot."

In horrible Japanese I informed the ladies of his age, nationality, etc. With great courtesy they invited us to enter, and we stood within a precinct kept sacred from the foot of foreigners. The dimensions of the interior were about thirty feet wide and forty feet deep; directly across the building, within ten feet of the door through which we had entered, was a raised stone flooring, two and one-half feet high; in the center was formed a tank twenty feet square, containing water two feet deep; the water was conveyed by an open drain from a running stream immediately at the rear of the house, the foul water passing out by a similar conveyance upon the opposite side. Within this tank were three men, two lads, six females—two of them with infants—and three little girls, all of them perfectly nude. The men were scrubbing themselves vigorously, the females bathing and washing their infants. Two of them were seated facing each other, the water up to their shoulders, looking as if they had been placed there to soak, but from the glibness of their tongues evidently having a gossip; the boys were wrestling, and the little girls splashing each other. As the General's head scarcely reached above the edge of the tank he was unnoticed by the bathers; but as we retired to the door the ticket-sellers' volubility attracted their attention. The men paused in their operations, the sitting females rose to their feet, the children stopped their sports, and all looked toward us. One of the ticket-sellers spoke to them; they scrambled from the bath and gathered around us, crowding indiscriminately upon each other in their effort to look at the General.

I question whether two civilized beings were ever before in such a peculiar position. With a considerable flourish and bowing, in acknowledgment of the courtesy extended to us, upon our part, and a nodding and grinning upon theirs, we withdrew. For some moments the General walked by my side in silence; at length he said, "Mr. Bleeker, if we tell this to the folks at home they will not believe us; but it is *so*! Men and women bathing together with not a rag upon them, and they don't mind it a bit! Write and let P. T. (Barnum) know what we have seen. If he had that place, just as it is—men, women, and children, all—in the United States, it would be the biggest show he ever had."

At Hakodadi, Yokohama, Nagasaki, and several other places, they have taken such alarm at ill-mannered Europeans indulging in evil curiosity, which they openly express, that in those cities they conceal the interior of their bath-houses from public view—not that they consider there is any indelicacy in the custom, but indignant at the rudeness of foreigners.

The scenery along the route of the inland sea is extremely beautiful. Passing between the island Nippon and Sikoke, thence between the most southwesterly point of Nippon and the northern coast of Kiusiu, thence through the straits of Corea, we approached "Nagasaki." Both of these islands are mountainous in the interior, ending in lofty hills as they slope towards the coast, and often presenting upon the shore bold cliffs and precipitous headlands. The hills are cultivated to their summits in terraces, while in every little valley between the hills and upon every level along the coast lies a thriving village. Near the mouth of the harbor we passed the island of Paffenberg. It is of small dimensions, and presents a high precipitous front gradually sloping towards the harbor. It is noteworthy as witnessing the destruction of the Jesuit missionaries early in the sixteenth century. Through the agency of these missionaries Christianity had been introduced into Japan; but they were subsequently expelled, their doctrines uprooted, and they cast from the precipices of this island into the sea. In close proximity is the island of Poo-Too, five miles long and one mile wide, upon which quite an army of Bhuddist priests reside. It is comparatively level, and a perfect garden in appearance. Nagasaki contains a population of 20,000, and is built upon the slopes of hills which encompass a deep and commodious bay. It is better known than any other port, as it was for many years the only place to which foreigners had access. The Dutch enjoyed a commerce with this place for over 200 years, but subject, however, to severe restrictions. But two vessels each year were allowed to enter the harbor, and were compelled to land and receive their cargoes at a



HARBOR OF NAGASAKI.

point two miles from the city. The town covers a very large space, most of the houses, excepting the business portion, possessing large gardens, tastefully laid out with paths, bridges, rivulets, flowers, and shrubs. Although many of the streets, from the position of the town, would be naturally steep, the ascent is modified by flights of stone steps at intervals. A considerable trade is carried on with China, and the harbor is filled with junks from Shanghae, Foo-choo, and other ports. Near midnight we traversed the streets for over two miles; the shops were illuminated and trade flourishing. We had provided ourselves with Japanese lanterns, which we carried to light us through the darkest streets. The Dutch trading-house, containing an extensive variety of the most exquisite china, was well worth a visit.

I have given as concise a description of Japan as the limits of this book will allow. Civilization is making great progress, but this generation will pass away before its fruits are visible in the altered customs of its people. For many years yet to come, with the exception of the increase of foreigners in such localities as the Japanese government may concede for their occupancy, the traveler will see Japan as it was centuries ago, and when a sealed book to all nations.

CHAPTER V.



CROSS the "Yellow Sea" to China was our next voyage; an appropriate name for this sea, as its waters are a dirty yellow. At 9 A.M. we entered the mouth of the Yangtzy-Kiang, and at 3 P.M. landed at Hong-Que, opposite Shanghai, with which it is connected by a bridge. After locating the place at the "Astor House," I started in search of a place in which to give our entertainments. I succeeded in obtaining a small theatre, erected by a club of English gentlemen for the purpose of amateur theatricals. We had no cause to complain of a want of patronage.

Mexican dollars are used as currency. Before leaving America I had provided myself, by purchase from a banker in San Francisco, with a quantity of coin, and naturally supposed they were genuine; but when I offered them in China, seven out of every ten were, on an average, returned to me with the remark,

"Not go! all same copper!" or, "all same brass!"

The Chinese are expert imitators and skillful cheats. An enormous amount of the Mexican dollars in circulation have been split in two, the centers dug out, leaving the face and obverse intact, the hollow filled with copper or brass, then rejoined and the edge remilled. It appears almost impossible to detect the difference between the genuine and the doctored ones either by their weight or sound; but the Chinamen pretend to discriminate. Every company, merchant, tradesman, landlord and shop-keeper, employ a native called a "shroff." In all business transactions, even to the purchase of the smallest article, the money must pass through the hands of a "shroff." You are often unexpectedly subjected to a loss, as they completely control the coin—its value depending entirely upon their pretended knowledge of handling, as to the extent of tampering it has been subjected to. It is a mere pretence, as I several times tested and proved the unreliability of the knowledge possessed by the many "shroffs" I was compelled to employ. They classify the coin, and the designation, "All same belong No. 1 class," "No. 2 class," "No. 3 class," or "All belong same copper,"

subjects you to a proportionate discount, or a refusal of such quantities. I use the term "compelled to employ"—the compulsion lies in the difficulty you would experience, did you not employ them, in making your money pass, except at the highest rate of discount, or being flooded with "All the same copper class." If you refuse to employ one or two, the fact is communicated to the whole army of them—a perfect ring—and the landlord's shroff, the banker's shroff, the editor's shroff—all designate most of your money No. 3 class, and as such only, with its corresponding discount, will it be received. A gentleman in Shanghae drew a certain amount in coin from the bank, delivered to him by the paying shroff as "No. 1 class;" without opening the rolls he returned, after a short period, and offered the identical coin for deposit; the receiving shroff cast out two-thirds of it as belonging to "No. 2 class;" the most earnest expostulation with the director had no effect—the "shroff" had so classified it, and as such only would it be received. I offered my "shroff" some coin, which had been paid me, for examination; it had been pronounced "2d class" by the landlord's "shroff," who was willing to receive it as such. My "shroff" declared emphatically it was "No. 3 class;" it was afterwards received at the bank as "No. 1 class." Now which of the three "shroffs" was right, or was it a mere pretence of knowledge by all? I am inclined to the latter opinion.

The excitement amongst the natives at the sight of the ponies and carriage, as it circulated through the streets, and such glimpses as they caught of the "little people" as they rode to and from the theatre, daily grew apace. A great stir was made amongst the patrons of the several Chinese theatres, soliciting the managers to engage the little people. Consequently I was eagerly sought after. The first who made application was the manager of the "Kwin-Kwae-Hien," "Foe-Kein Road," the largest and finest theatre in Shanghae. He was introduced to me by a European merchant, who assured me that his theatre was the "Drury Lane" of the city, being under the immediate patronage of mandarins and other high officials. He had learned to speak English quite correctly. Before I had arranged terms three other managers were in waiting. Anxiety was at fever heat. I finally concluded with him upon the following terms: the prices to be doubled, he to advertise to his people and to furnish me an interpreter, and I to receive seventy per cent. of the gross receipts.

A description of this theatre will apply to all the theatres in China, the difference being in size only, the construction the same. The "Kwin-Kwae-Hein" is located in the heart of the city. It is built of teak-wood frame, the interstices filled with brick, the front

stuccoed, and it has a tile roof. The interior is about eighty feet long, sixty feet wide, and forty feet high. The stage is a raised platform, thirty feet wide, twenty feet deep, and five feet high, with a total absence of scenery. A gallery extends around the sides, the portion directly opposite the stage divided by railings into boxes, the center one being the manager's box, and used only by him or by any dignitary visiting the theatre. The body of the hall was inclosed by a railing, extending from each corner of the stage towards the door to the distance of forty feet. Outside of the railing, upon each side, were raised seats, and also at the back near the door. Within the railing were a number of tables, around each of which were placed four bamboo chairs; the boxes in the gallery contained the same. These tables are graced by the presence of the small-footed, almond-eyed beauties with their attendant ahmas. Upon the tables are placed tea and fruits, and as the ladies also indulge in smoking, between the tea and the pipe they have much to soothe their minds. I observed courtesies exchanged in the following manner:—Upon seeing an acquaintance seated at another table, the lady bowed to her, motioned to her attendant, who, taking the lady's pipe (a small, delicate affair, holding about two whiffs of tobacco, or a corresponding quantity of opium), lighted it, crossed to the party indicated, and placed it between her lips; the lady gave a whiff, bowed and smiled her acknowledgment, and the ahma returned with the pipe to her mistress. The atmosphere is redolent with the perfume of tobacco, opium, tea, oranges, pomegranates, and bad breaths. Almost every one smoking, the display of pipes, from the elaborate "bubble" to the insignificant little clay-bowled reed, is something grand—that is, to a connoisseur in pipes. The inclosed space and the boxes are the fashionable portions; the raised side-seats, the next in choice; the side-galleries, like our family circles; and the rear seats, near the doors of entrance, the lowest priced. The number of actors is very great; the manager informed me he employed one hundred and eighty-six; this number included conjurors and acrobats—without the addition of the latter a Chinese company would be incomplete. The feats they performed I have never seen equaled except by the native Hindoo. That they are a "great draw" is shown by the fact that they are announced to appear in the play at certain hours, day and evening, and the theatre is always the most crowded at those hours. There is a necessity for the employment of a large company, as their performance commences daily at noon and continues uninterruptedly until after midnight. Their plays consist of a history of some celebrated emperor from his birth to his death; his public acts, his wars, his love-passages—all are represented. It is like a book which cannot be read

in a single day ; so many chapters are represented to-day, so many to-morrow, until "finis"—a single play thus occupying several weeks, and occasionally months, in representation. The stage is a public instructor in national history, its dry detail being made attractive by the addition of descriptive chorus, like the old Greek tragedies, and its monotony broken by the introduction of jugglers and acrobats.

While the eye is not charmed with the spectacle of magnificent scenery, it is pleased with the view of splendid costumes of the richest silks, embroidered with silver and gold. The costumes worn by the representatives of different emperors are no doubt correct imitations, and I should imagine fully equal in value to those worn by the real personages. Seated at the back of the stage is the orchestra, consisting of three or four fiddlers—whose instruments give forth a most horrible squeak—several drums, two or three gongs, and as many triangles. At the entrance and exit of every character, and at every pause in the dialogue, these instruments give forth their inharmonious clatter. No females are allowed to perform—those characters being portrayed by men. From the continuous practice of their profession, these personators become very effeminate, both on and off the stage—allowing their hair to grow that it may be dressed like a female's, and their finger-nails to be such a length that they require silver shields to protect them.

All the entrances and exits are made through an opening, before which is suspended a curtain, at the back of the stage. Both before and after an actor has performed his duties, he crosses and recrosses the stage, totally regardless of the action going on.

To explain their "make-shift" for scenery, I will describe one of the incidents in a play we witnessed. The commander of a rebel force had captured the wife and daughter of the emperor, and in his retreat found himself at the base of a very high and steep mountain, which he was compelled to cross, his enemy being in hot pursuit. A representation of the mountain was required. The attendants brought in a long table and placed it upon four chairs, in the center of the stage ; upon that they set a smaller table, next two chairs, surmounted by a single one. This was the formidable mountain, the crossing of which was evidently intended as a feature in the play, as I surmised from the deep interest betrayed by the audience ; when completed there was a murmur of approbation. After a long complimentary address to his troops upon their bravery, each sentence supplemented with a terrible crashing of instruments, the commander pointed to the mountain, and signified that they must act warily, as the enemy might possibly be upon the other side. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at the summit a moment,

then stepped upon one of the chairs and slipped off. The mountain was too steep to climb; he called two soldiers forward and ordered them to excavate steps; they approached with sticks which they vigorously plied horizontally along the seat of the bottom chair, as if digging, pausing at intervals to wipe the perspiration from their brows; they mounted the chair and repeated the operation along the table-top, occasionally throwing down their sticks and using their hands, as if scooping out the loosened earth; thus they progressed until they reached the highest chair; they then descended; the commander patted them in commendation, then seizing one of the captives by the wrist, she in turn seizing the other, they attempted to ascend. They gained a footing upon the first chair; then with an effort they reached the top of the table; with considerable pulling, dragging, and pushing they ascended the second table; they paused quite exhausted; the commander looked towards the summit and shook his head despondingly; one of the ladies looked below, became giddy, lost her footing, and slipped down upon the lower table; a cry of horror escaped their lips. The audience at this event was intensely excited; the commander reached over and dragged her up again—"She's saved!" On they go again; now the two chairs are ascended, and now, with several encouraging blows upon his breast, "Keep up brave heart!" the commander mounts the seat of the topmost chair—"The summit is gained!" The audience, who, during this period, with the exception of the excitement attendant upon the threatened destruction of the female captive, had sat absorbed in breathless interest, gave free vent to their satisfaction and approval. The business and situations appeared so utterly ridiculous that we could scarcely restrain ourselves from doing that which would perhaps have caused us to have been ejected by an indignant audience. Mrs. Stratton laughed so immoderately I was compelled to check her merriment.

"I can't help it," said she; "add to the scene; go and make an earthquake, and have them all swallowed by the mountain; that will astonish the audience."

"How can I make an earthquake?" inquired I.

"Pull two of those chairs from beneath the lower table," said she, "and see how quickly that mountain will heave and gape."

As I was fearful that in producing such an earthquake a volcano of wrath would belch forth, dangerous to our personal comfort and safety, I respectfully declined.

To return to our appearance at the Kwin-Kwae-Hien Theatre. The manager had two large banners painted in Chinese characters, announcing the appearance, which was carried upon poles by Chinamen, behind the little carriage as it peregrinated the city. Call-

ing at the theatre early in the morning, I was informed by the manager that it was impossible to obtain an interpreter.

"You speak English—you must do it," said I.

He seemed almost paralyzed at the bare idea; he informed me that he associated with mandarins; they would scorn him were he to appear upon the stage. I did not wish to refuse to perform—he was a manager in difficulty—he felt distressed; but I, too, was in a quandary. A sudden thought struck me.

"We will do without an interpreter," said I. His countenance brightened. "Get me six pieces of thick paper," said I.

He disappeared and shortly returned with them. In the meantime I wrote out the names, ages, birth-place, and description of the little people, also a description of ponies and carriage.

"Have that," said I, "painted separately, in Chinese characters, upon those cards." He looked his gratitude.

When I arrived at the theatre, one hour before the proper time of opening, I found it literally crammed and no money taken. "I could not keep them out," said the manager. There was no alternative but to go through and collect the money. I obtained from the manager a quantity of his regular tickets—long strips of paper with painted characters upon them; as each person paid I stuck a ticket in his hand and motioned to him to hold it up conspicuously. I then formed our men in a line across the building, at the door, and ordered an advance to collect the tickets. I could not help laughing at the sight of so many outstretched arms, holding the different colored tickets. If any were found without a ticket they were compelled to pay. I took this precaution, as it was probable I would miss a great number in such a dense crowd. Some protested, "My payee, all same like dat," pointing to the silver in my hand. When the ticket was demanded, the reply "No got" settled it—as I seized them by the shoulder, as if to eject them, they would speedily produce the price.

The ponies and carriage, with Rodnia Nutt as the coachman in full-dress livery, stood upon the stage, at the back. The music of the melodeon excited their curiosity. When the four little people entered in full costume, and advanced to the front, a buzz of admiration emanated from the immense throng. I had taken the precaution, not being a Chinese scholar, of writing the name of each person upon the back of their descriptive card, or otherwise I might have made a grievous mistake—perhaps holding the one describing the ponies over Mrs. Stratton, and Minnie's description over the General. Mrs. S. advanced a couple of paces; I held the card over her head so that it could be read, then walked to each side for the benefit of the galleries. All eagerly read; if any at the back of the theatre

were too distant to discern, they were quickly informed by the others—thus I exhibited each separately. When Mrs. Stratton sang, the sound of her voice seemed to entrance them; they sat in breathless attention; they did not even take a single puff at their pipes. At the conclusion of her song they chatted, they nodded, they laughed, and expressed in various ways their extreme delight. The Commodore, in his dancing, drumming, crow, and comicalities, excited their risibilities; they gazed open-mouthed in wonder at the General in his characters. A little pantomime play amused them exceedingly, and their enthusiasm was unbounded when, after taking a number of little children upon the stage and comparing statues with Minnie, I retained one boy five years old, and placing her hand in his, she paraded to and fro with him. The little fellow, with a pigtail touching the floor, strutted about with her to the immense delight of all. America and China clasping hands! When I returned him to his parents, he was fondly caressed by them and passed hither and thither, and showered with kisses, as one who had been highly honored. At the conclusion of the performance I told the manager, who was seated in his box with several mandarins, enjoying their tea and bubble-pipes, that I would allow the audience the privilege of shaking hands with the little people; he leaned forward and in a mild tone informed them; there was a general rush for the stage, and all was confusion; but I speedily brought them under control, granting the ladies the first privilege. They could not sufficiently admire Mrs. Stratton's and Minnie's hands and feet; they patted them, laughed and chatted, some of them exclaiming, "Ah! good! leetle piecee 'oman! good!"

I took precautionary measures in the evening against the afternoon difficulties. As we approached the theatre, for the distance of an eighth of a mile we threaded our way through lines of sedan-chairs and palanquins with their numerous attendants and bearers, who, having deposited their burdens at the theatre door had retired to give place to others; each attendant being provided with a lighted lantern, made a brilliant illumination. The building was apparently crammed to its utmost capacity, and still they came. After pushing our way through to the stage, I managed by dint of packing and filling the stage to accommodate the late arrivals. Such a mass of shaven heads with lengthy pigtails, interspersed with the high and elaborate coiffures of the ladies, it is probable I will never again witness. The performance was received with even greater favor than in the afternoon. The manager was so delighted with his success that he presented the General with his beautiful and valuable silver bubble-pipe as a remembrance.

Early the next morning I was beset by the managers of the minor theatres; having one night to spare I agreed to appear at the "Tong-Kwe-Chin" theatre for one hour, for a stipulated sum, the amount to be paid before 6 P.M. The money was paid punctually by the manager, who came attended by half a dozen of his patrons as witnesses. I transacted the business without the aid of an interpreter, the "pidgin English" which I had acquired serving me. Whether his faith in my honesty was as weak as mine in that of his countrymen I do not know; but he lingered, apparently in doubt whether, having received the money, I should fail in my appointment. "My payee," said he at length, "little piecee man—no come—ah!" throwing up his hands indicative of ruin. With the strongest assurances upon my part, they departed satisfied. The theatre was located in the French Concession. Leaving the hotel early we crossed the bridge, passed through Shanghae, skirted the walls of the old city, and at 8 o'clock arrived at our destination. Here was a repetition of the scene we experienced at the "Kwin-Kwae-Hien" theatre. We forced our way through the crowd, and gained the entrance. The play was in progress. We made our way to the room at the rear of the stage, and found about fifty performers—some dressing, others dressed, and several taking refreshment, having fulfilled their allotted parts for the evening. In one little corner we hung a curtain to screen our ladies. Nine o'clock came; it was the hour arranged for the appearance of our party. I found the manager; he grinned, nodded, and disappeared. Half-past nine the play still progressed—fiddles, gongs, and bells making a terrible clatter. I endeavored to explain to the actors that they must resign the use of the stage to us. Some grinned, some shook their heads, others shrugged their shoulders and nodded, and yet they made their entrances and exits. Ten o'clock!

"Let's go home," said Mrs. S.; "I am frightened almost to death amongst these horrid-looking beings."

"I wouldn't let them know I was afraid, if I thought they were going to kill me," said Minnie,

"When are we going to commence?" inquired the General, "it's after 10 o'clock!"

"In a moment," said I. There was a grand scene in progress; about thirty actors were upon the stage. The emperor and court were in grand council; there appeared to be a strong debate upon some important subject brought before the emperor for his decision. His magnificent highness was apparently uttering a withering rebuke to one portion of the council when I dashed into their midst. They started in astonishment, equally shared by the audience.

"Little piecee man! little piecee woman! make show all same like dat! Savee?" I exclaimed.

They stared, but did not stir.

"Get out!" I shouted, and seizing the emperor by the shoulders, pulled him from his throne, pushed him towards the door, and shoved him through the opening; then hustled his whole court after him. The act of Oliver Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament was trifling compared to the summary manner with which I dissolved that council. It would seem a wonder that they had not taken vengeance upon me, but the cunning rascals perfectly understood me; they thought by pretending ignorance, they would defer our appearance as late as possible, to enable them to get through their work earlier. Our entertainment was a great success, and we returned to Hong-Que at midnight.

By invitation we visited the residence of a wealthy Chinese banker, in company with Mr. Hanbury, a gentleman who had resided many years in China, had acquired the language, and was much respected by the aristocracy. He acted as our interpreter. I will describe this residence, similar in every respect to that of the wealthy classes.

It was a very large two-storied building. Entering through a gate we stood within a court with a covered corridor six feet wide, running around three sides. A number of doors opened from the corridor into as many separate apartments. The arches, sills, and lintels were covered with Chinese figures. Several servants were loitering about the court. Our presence was announced, and the banker, richly dressed, came into the court and welcomed us. We were then ushered into a large apartment, handsomely furnished with chairs, lounges, etc., covered with silk richly embroidered. Cushions and pillows were in abundance. After introducing his wife and family, and holding a lengthy conversation, evincing a great desire to obtain information about America, he invited us to view his house.

The doors of every room were of camphor-wood elaborately carved with devices of dragons, birds, men, flowers, etc.; the partitions were of cedar. In one room was an altar for family worship; upon the altar stood the figure of "Joss," in front a brazier containing burning incense and six silver candlesticks in the form of dragons. Over the altar was a painting by a native artist representing an embodied idea of the Chinese heaven, in which the figure of "Joss" was very conspicuous with pagodas, temples, minor deities, a sea of heads, flowers, etc., all mixed in interminable confusion. Although in appearance an outline, it yet possessed considerable merit. Beside the altar were painted in characters a

number of proverbs and maxims. A few were translated for us as follows.

"When water has once flowed over, it cannot be restored; when the passions have once been indulged, they cannot be restrained. Man's passions are like water."

"Do not neglect to study in your youth; then you will not repent when old that you put it off too late."

"Time flies like an arrow."

"A single unguarded expression injures the virtue of a whole life."

"The brightness of truth is in heaven."

Another apartment contained the Goddess of Mercy, and still another an altar to the "Queen of Heaven." Two large vases stood upon each side of the figure of the queen, containing a great quantity of silver paper to be burned in front of the idol, when the survivors desired to make remittances to departed friends—the spirits in the other world receiving it as genuine silver. I presume they do not employ "shroffs" in the spirit-land. After partaking of refreshments, our host conducted us to the gate. Bowing and shaking our own hands, in that action imitating Mr. Hanbury, we departed. Upon inquiring the reason for shaking our own hands instead of that of our host, Mr. H. informed me that the weather being warm, it was not considered etiquette to offer a hand moistened with perspiration, and the clasping our own was tantamount to the salutation without its disagreeable feature.

At a mandarin's residence we met a bevy of ladies who had evidently assembled there in expectation of meeting the little people. Every one was richly appareled, and had small compressed feet. They were very assiduous in their attention to the little ladies. They served us with tea of the most delicious flavor; such tea I was told was never exported. When brewed it was of a light straw color, and served clear. I expressed in "Pidgin English" to one of the ladies my approbation of its quality; this so delighted her that she offered me a second cupful. I accepted. She offered me a third. I declined. She insisted. I refused; my refusal appeared to touch her feelings. She urged. I accepted and drank it. She offered a fourth. I hesitated a moment, then seized the cup, and sent its contents after the other three. She tendered me a fifth. Minnie, who was watching the proceedings, laughed outright. I swallowed half of it and pushed it from me; the lady placed her hand upon the cup, and with an exclamation in Chinese "It is cold!" stumped away upon her little feet, and quickly returned with a sixth, smoking hot. I could stand it no longer. I had no intention of making a tea-urn of my stomach. I shook my head emphatically.

"Ah!" said she, "leetle piecee man, two cup," holding up two fingers, and referring to the General; "big piecee man all same, so!" holding up both hands with fingers wide-spread.

"Come, let's go!" said I to the little people, "she wants me to drink ten cups of tea."

With a shake of my own hand, not altogether in courtesy to them, but as a secret congratulation that I had discovered her infamous design, I departed, inwardly resolving that I would never again praise the quality of tea to a Chinese lady, or submit to have the capacity of my internals gauged by that of the General.

The ladies were invited to visit an anticipatory bride. She was holding a reception, as is customary for three or four days prior to the grand ceremony. As the ladies only were permitted to see the bride, I cannot give a description of her. The General and I in the meantime were entertained by her parents and sisters. They brought tea. "None for me!" said I, decidedly; and calling at the foot of the narrow staircase to the ladies who had ascended, "They've brought out the tea! I'm off!" I walked into the street and left them to follow.

CHAPTER VI.

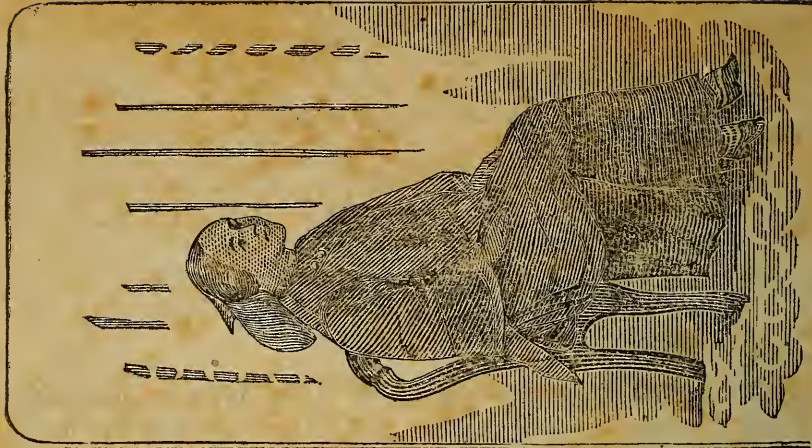


WE sailed from Shanghae Dec. 17th, 1869, in steamship "Venus," Capt. Crowell. The following places are in the route: Ningpo, Foochoo, Amoy, and Swatow. They contain very few Europeans.

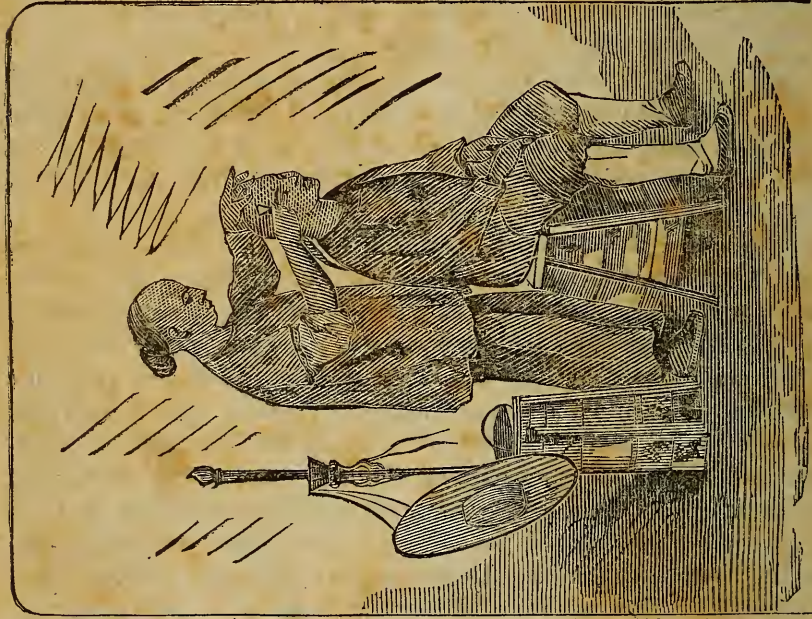
As we were the only passengers, and Captain Crowell and his officers most agreeable and gentlemanly persons, we formed quite a jovial little social party. A terrible high sea and a ship that rolled fearfully, did not detract from the pleasure of our voyage while in such agreeable company.

Hong-Kong presents quite the appearance of a European city. It contains many handsome Hongs and clubs, has a fine racing course, two public libraries (the Victoria library and one attached to the Portuguese Club House). It also possesses a very fine theatre belonging to the same club. The Town Hall is a very fine structure. Victoria Peak rises abruptly behind the city to the height of 1825 feet. I engaged the Town Hall for our entertainments. The day after our arrival, a letter was handed me by the American Consul, Col. Goulding, from Sir Richard Graves McDonnell, K.C.B., Governor of Hong-Kong, inviting us to breakfast with him the next day at 12 M. He suggested breakfast, as being more social and free than a formal dinner. We accepted the invitation, and were most agreeably entertained at the Government House. The following appeared in the "China Mail" of December 22d:

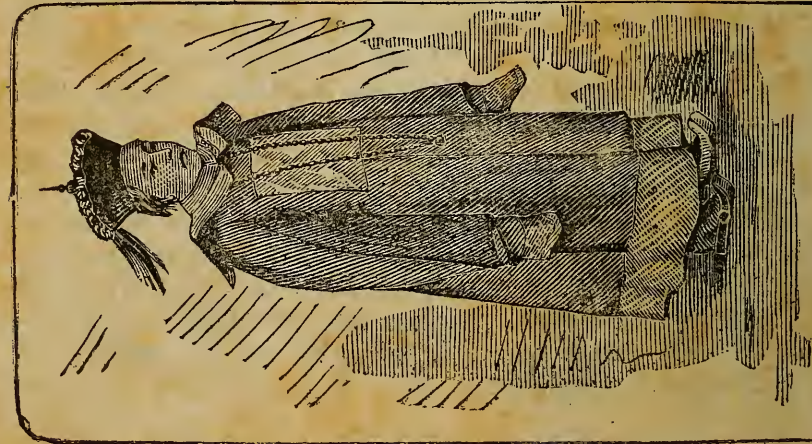
"His Excellency, Sir Richard Graves MacDonnell, K.C.B., Governor of Hong-Kong, Vice Admiral, etc., this morning did himself the honor of entertaining at breakfast General Thomas Thumb and suite. The entertainment was given at Government House, and the American Consul was present. In the absence of any journal devoted to fashionable intelligence, we venture to record this fact, and we do so purely in the interests of fashionable society. We are not aware that there is anything in the world of Hong-Kong that is at present more deserving of notice. It is the most remarkable event since the Prince has departed."



NINGPO LADY.



CHINESE BARBER.



MANDARIN.

During our sojourn in Hong-Kong we found His Excellency a warm-hearted friend.

On the 25th we proceeded to Macao, distant 42 miles. A small American-built steamer plies between Hong-Kong and the above-named city. As there is a continual fear of pirates, every vessel carries a good supply of arms. The moment we left the dock, all the Chinese passengers were sent below, and half a dozen Malays, between whom and the Chinese there is a mutual hatred, were placed on guard armed with cutlass and pistols, at all the stairways and gangways. Twice this steamer had been prevented from falling into the hands of pirates, by desperate fighting on the part of officers and crew. These pirates had come on board as passengers, and at a preconcerted signal made the attempt to capture the vessel. As we approached Macao we threaded our way through hundreds of junks, many of them war-vessels.

The city occupies the southern extremity of an island of the same name; it is built upon the slopes of hills. These hills form a peninsula connected with the main-land by a narrow neck. The island was given to the Portuguese in 1536 by the then reigning emperor for services rendered by that nation in clearing the neighboring coasts from pirates. There are certain restrictions in the gift, amongst others the payment of a yearly due. The whole circuit of the settlement is about eight miles, with a population of 33,000, nearly all Chinese—its position, commercially, very important, the climate salubrious, the delightful sea-breeze giving it a healthy atmosphere.

We exhibited in the "Teatro Don Pedro d. V." His Excellency the Governor General honored us with an invitation to accept his hospitality at the Government House. He also came in state to our entertainment. He publicly thanked the little people, through his son, who interpreted for him, for the excellence of the entertainment, and the agreeable evening he had passed. The next day being Sunday, a military high mass was to be performed in the Cathedral, and he invited us to be present.

At 10 o'clock the following morning we went to the cathedral, a large massive building, containing some fine old paintings. The high altar glittered with silver and gold. We were assigned seats near the altar, and close beside the raised throne platform of His Excellency. Presently the music announced the approach of the military. His Excellency entered, followed by his suite, and saluting the ladies, took his seat upon the chair emblazoned with the royal arms; then the band marched into the gallery, and the soldiers entering formed company front at the door, advanced, filling the immense nave, the butts of their muskets ringing upon the stone

floor as they came to an order. Twelve of them, with fixed bayonets, advanced within the railing and formed each side of the altar. The music of the band was substituted for the sweet tones of the organ, while at intervals the clear notes of the bugles echoed through the lofty building as signals to the soldiers to kneel and rise again, according to the requirements of the service. Those who have witnessed a similar scene at St. Peter's, Rome, or in any of the cathedrals upon the continent, can fully appreciate the peculiar feeling it inspires.

Returning to Hong-Kong we gave an entertainment in the Portuguese Club-Theatre; at the conclusion we were entertained by the "National Club" in their magnificent ball-room.

A few words more before leaving China. The Chinese have the reputation of being great hypocrites; but this, in a measure, is due to their being early taught to suppress their real feelings, and avoid all cause of irritation and offence in their intercourse with each other; hence their extreme politeness and etiquette when they meet.

Like the Japanese they are excellent husbandmen, economizing and applying their manures to the best advantage; but their agricultural implements are of the rudest kind, refusing the use of all modern inventions. Their enormous conceit will not permit them to profit by the inventions of other nations, as they consider themselves so much superior; and to adopt the manners, customs and inventions of foreigners would be to confess their own inferiority. Herein they differ from the Japanese, who are willing to receive light and profit thereby.

Almost every fruit known in Europe may be found in China; some, from lack of proper knowledge of cultivation are inferior. They possess the fig, mango, guava, shaddock, pine-apple, orange, peach, pomegranate, quince, nectarine, plum, apricot, a fruit called "letchee," about as large as a walnut, with a rich, brown husk. The natives take it with their tea in preference to sugar; it possesses a pleasant acid taste. It is sometimes exported in a dried state, wrinkled like a prune. Another fruit is the "petchee;" it is like a water-lily, to the root of which is attached a white substance, enveloped with a red skin; this white substance is eatable, and is said to possess the strange property of rendering copper the same. There is a story told to the effect that a French priest destroyed this absurd theory by placing a "cash" (a very brittle cast alloy of copper), enveloped in a portion of "petchee;" he then found that by a resolute bite, with sound, strong teeth, the "cash" broke into several pieces, but he could not devour the pieces. He then wrapped another cash in a piece of leather sufficiently thick

to preserve his teeth from harm, and the same effect was produced. The Chinese have great faith in the famed "Ginseng" (the name taken from its shape, representing a man, "Gin," striding with his legs); they consider it a specific for all disorders of the stomach, lungs, strengthening the eye-sight, renewing the constitution, delaying the approach of old age—in fact, a perfect "cure all."

The ground-nut, cultivated like a potato, and when boiled possessing the flavor of asparagus, is an important article of food; in truth, it is esteemed one of the necessities of life. It is said that the nine gates of Peking are thronged with vehicles laden with it from morning until night, during the months of October and November.

I will close by giving a description of the "tallow tree," called by the Chinese "oo-kieou." It is quite a tall tree, with limbs slightly twisted, the trunk thick. The blossom is yellow, and the leaves a reddish purple. The fruit is inclosed in a husk like a chestnut. When ripe the husk opens and reveals three white grains, about the size of a filbert; these grains contain the useful vegetable tallow, to obtain which it goes through the following process:—It is first bruised by a machine consisting of a wheel attached to a long pole, which is laden with a heavy weight and suspended from a horizontal beam; this wheel moves backward and forward in the hollow trunk of a tree, canoe-shaped, and lined with iron. The berries are thus bruised and divided; they are then exposed to the action of steam until they become soft, and while still hot are quickly spread upon layers of straw, and covered with another layer of the same. This spreading is done with the feet, and as the material is warm the men look, as they raise first one foot and then the other, as if they were performing a dance with great gravity of countenance.

The berries are sometimes boiled in water, and the oily substance floating upon the top is collected. A small quantity of wax is mixed with the tallow to give it a consistency; the best candles are also coated with wax. They burn with very little smoke, and emit no unpleasant smell.

On Tuesday, December 28th, we sailed in the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's steamer *Emu*, Captain Babot, for Singapore, Penang, and Point du Galle. Our voyage down the China Sea was pleasant, and we landed at Singapore the following Sunday.

Singapore is included in the Bengal Presidency; it is twenty-five miles long and eleven wide, mostly covered with jungle to the water's edge; it is separated from the main land by a strait two and one-half miles wide, called "Salat Tabro" (Old Strait). It has no rivers. The capital is built upon both sides of a small stream which

runs east for about two miles, and is then crossed by another stream called the Rocho; the town is thus divided into three distinct parts. The west is inhabited by Chinese, the center by Europeans, who have laid out that portion into regular streets, parades, and carriage-drives, and have erected handsome brick houses, churches, hotels, and government buildings. The east is inhabited by Malays, who are very filthy in their habits; they are an idle race, but make good sampan men and pelanquin bearers. They have a magnificent pagoda in their quarter. Between the Malays and Chinese a feud exists. The Europeans are largely engaged in commercial transactions; they import woolen goods, iron, Indian cotton goods, opium, rice, arms, gunpowder, etc., and export gold dust, coffee, sugar, ivory, raw silk, pepper, rattan, tin, mother-of-pearl, tortoise shell, etc. A great variety of vegetables are raised by the Chinese, amongst them pumpkins, yams, and sweet potatoes. Tigers swarm in the jungles. Amongst the native birds are pelicans, herons, pheasants, partridges, falcons, and sparrows. Deadly serpents are numerous, including the fearful cobra. In our travels through the tropics we all experienced a greater dread from reptiles than from lions and tigers. The climate is very salubrious, cooling showers falling almost daily.

Amongst the beautiful trees is the "traveler's palm;" breaking the stem of the leaf, a quantity of clear cool water is found, sufficient to refresh the most thirsty.

"Singapore" formerly belonged to the kingdom of Johore, in Malacca, but in 1824 the English purchased, for 60,000 Spanish dollars, and a life annuity to the Maharajah of 24,000 dollars, the sovereignty of the island, as also the sea, straits, and islands within an area of ten geographical miles. They established the provincial government at Penang, where the Governor now resides. The Maharajah of Johore prefers living in Singapore, and has a handsome palace there.

Shortly after our arrival His Highness came on board with the Commodore of the station, and was introduced to us. At 8 o'clock in the evening, having accepted his invitation, we visited his palace and was courteously received. His costume was an admixture of native and European; he spoke English fluently. He had visited England and been the guest of the royal family, of whom he spoke in terms of great affection. His palace was furnished in Oriental style, intermixed with much that was European. After being introduced to his household, excepting his wife and daughter, we partook of refreshments. He then ordered an attendant to conduct the ladies to the presence of his wife and the princess.

"I regret," said he to me, "that our custom debars me the pleas-

ure of introducing yourself and the little gentlemen, but I hope education will in time make a change in that custom."

A few minutes after the attendant returned and spoke to him in his native tongue; turning again to me, said he:

"My wife's curiosity breaks down the barrier; she wishes to see the General and Commodore."

They were conducted to her; the ladies were much pleased with the Ranee and her daughter. The little princess, aged fourteen, had fourteen attendants, one for each year of her existence—the eldest of her own age, the youngest about eighteen months old, and just able to toddle around. Upon our return to the ship, Minnie remarked,

"I have frequently heard the expression 'dressed to death and barefooted!' I think it will apply to the Rajah's wife and daughter; they were splendidly attired; their ears, noses, fingers, arms, and ankles blazing with diamonds and other jewels, but not the sign of a shoe or stocking upon their feet."

We exhibited in the European portion of the city. On Tuesday, after partaking of "tiffin" with His Highness, and the ladies making a farewell visit to his wife, she presenting each of them with a souvenir at parting, we left Singapore and proceeded to "Penang."

"Penang," sometimes called "Prince of Wales Island," by the natives named "Pulo Penang," or Betel Nut Island, and lying in the Straits of Malacca, is sixteen miles long and eight miles wide, separated from the main land by a channel varying from two to five miles in width. A range of hills covered with jungle and tall trees intersect it and slope towards the shore, which present a swampy appearance, fringed with cocoa-nut trees. The betel nut, nutmegs, pepper, ginger, cloves, sugar cane, yams, sweet potatoes, mangosteins, guava, pine apples, oranges, limes, grapes, all grow luxuriantly. The timber consists of teak, caoutchouc, cypress, bamboo, rattan. Ferns of an enormous size grow in abundance. We could scarce walk three steps without treading upon the "sensitive plant." Amongst the curious birds is the "adjutant," whose appearance and strut greatly amused us.

Georgetown, the capital, is quite a large town. A few of the government and principal houses are well built, but the majority of them are wood, raised from the ground upon posts, as is usual with Malay towns, and the roofs covered with palm leaves. The island contains a great number of pretty bungalows, surrounded with prolific gardens. There are two excellent piers upon which to receive and ship goods. The whole population number 50,000.

After visiting the famed water-fall, which came tumbling and dashing down the rocks several hundred feet—a wild and romantic

spot—and plucking betel nuts, nutmegs, mangosteins, etc., which greatly delighted the ladies, we were ready to depart for Ceylon.

We arrived at Point du Galle January 11th, 1870. Point du Galle is used as the calling station for steamers between Suez, India, China, and Australia.

We gave three entertainments in the military barracks. On the 17th we left "Galle" by mail-coaches for Colombo, the capital of Ceylon, distant 72 miles, having chartered two for the occasion. Our coach was driven by a native accompanied by a single guard carrying a brass horn suspended from his neck. There were relays of horses every six miles, an absolute necessity, as they were driven upon a full run between the stations. The duty of the guard was to clear the road of native bullock and buffalo teams so as to afford us an uninterrupted way. He was a most active fellow, his scant costume giving him full use of his limbs. At one time he was running beside the horses, then he would spring upon the door-step, and blowing a blast upon his horn, would project his head into the coach, and gaze in our faces, as if looking for some indication of approval in our countenances; then off again with a leap, and in an instant with a single bound land upon the seat beside the driver. How the fellow stood the fatigue which such evolutions imposed for 72 miles, I cannot imagine.

The road was hard and level as a floor, and runs the entire distance within a quarter to half a mile of the sea-shore. It passes through a succession of populous native villages alternating with thick groves of cocoa-nut, palm, plantain and cinnamon trees. At every station, when we stopped to change horses, we were speedily surrounded with the sick, the lame, the halt and blind, in addition to the throng of those more happily blessed. The costume of the Cingalese is very scant. A piece of unbleached cotton cloth or figured calico worn somewhat in the form of a toga is the covering of the middle classes, while the lowest caste is not half so comfortably clad. The males allow their hair to grow long, and either let it hang loosely down their backs, frequently reaching below their waists, or twist it into a knot at the back of the head, securing it in position with a tortoise-shell comb. Children under seven or eight years of age are entirely devoid of clothing. The females wear jewels in their nostrils, an armlet above the elbow, and a string of beads around the hips. The words of that beautiful hymn occurred to me, which I mentally repeated with a slight alteration:

"Blow, blow ye spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
Where every prospect pleases,
And man quite naked all the while."



BEGGARS OF CEYLON.

Male and female, old and young, chew the betel-nut, which dyes the lips and mouth a blood-red.

Soon as we changed horses and again dashed off, the crowd followed us; the lame and halt suddenly recovered the use of their limbs, the blind could see, the sick became vigorous, and all with shouts and yells pursued, gathering in numbers as we passed through their village. Their long hair streaming in the breeze, their mouths wide open revealing the blood-red interior, their naked bodies and unearthly yells, conveyed to us the impression of fiendish cannibals drunk with human blood pursuing fresh victims. Nor did they discontinue until, beyond the limit of their village, our superior speed left them far behind. This scene was repeated at every station. At noon we stopped at a bungalow for one hour to dine. The long delay had afforded time to collect an immense concourse of natives, and it was with difficulty the coach could be driven through the throng. We saw several large serpents stretched upon the trunks of trees, or wriggling away as we approached. A very large python crossed the road directly in front of the horses—so near indeed that we all uttered involuntary exclamations, thinking that it would coil around them.

At half-past 4 P.M. we reached the city gate. There is a delightful promenade and drive about two miles in length, and one mile in width outside of the wall and upon the shore, called the "Galle

Face Promenade." It is an enormous oval of the most splendid verdure; a broad drive encircles it, and it is divided lengthwise by the mail road. The city is well fortified, being surrounded with a high wall and deep ditch built by the Dutch.

In 1505, the Portuguese fleet entered a port accidentally, it is said, in Ceylon, and was favorably received by the natives. They established commercial relations with them on account of the cinnamon which it produced; but becoming avaricious, cruel, and fanatic, endeavoring to suppress the religion (Ceylon was the cradle of Buddhism), the natives became aroused, and receiving assistance from the Dutch, who had opened a trade with them, drove them almost entirely out of the island in 1603. The Portuguese, however, retained a hold in Colombo. This the Dutch captured in 1656. For their assistance the natives ceded the most valued districts to the Dutch; this they afterwards regretted, and in their endeavors to recover them, a war broke out, and the natives were driven to the interior, and there remained independent. Finally, by treaty, the English took possession, and in 1815 subjected the whole of it by the capture of the Cingalese king of Kandy. While in Kandy we visited this king's former palace, and saw his grandson, the last survivor of his family. There are still in the interior of the island a semi-barbarous race, numbering, it is said, about 12,000, called "Weddas." They depend entirely upon the chase. As they are peaceful, they are left undisturbed. There are about 7,000 whites and a million and a half of natives upon the island.

The thick forests are seldom visited; they swarm with wild beasts, herds of elephants, boars, leopards, monkeys, alligators, serpents, and reptiles of all kinds.

We performed in the Barrack Theatre to an admixture of Europeans, Mohammedans, Moors, Dutch, Portuguese, Parsees, and Cingalese. The varieties of color in their different costumes presented quite a picturesque appearance. Our quarters were at the Royal Hotel, a Chinaman the manager, the servants Cingalese. The merit next to godliness was unknown to them. I had heard of the story of the negro servant awakening the traveler by pulling the sheet off the bed to use it as a table-cloth; here I had a verification of it. A soiled cotton table-cloth was upon my bed, placed there to do duty for a sheet, had I so accepted it. Mrs. Barker, the worthy hostess of the Oriental Hotel at "Galle" informed us that no amount of explanation, scolding, or even blows could make the native servants discriminate between table-cloths, sheets, napkins, towels, and dish-cloths; they also had a confused idea as to the particular kind of china to be used for particular purposes, frequently finding the chamber-sets in the kitchen. One of the

servants spilled some gravy upon the floor; she called another one to wash it up. A few minutes afterwards she saw him sitting upon his heels washing the floor with a napkin, and wringing it out in a tea-pot beside him. I actually saw two natives licking the dishes that came from our table, and finishing them with a rub of a filthy rag—those plates to be used at the ordinary as clean.

“It is said that every person must eat a peck of dirt before they die,” remarked Mrs. Stratton, as we left the hotel. “I think we have had our full measure here.”

On the 17th we went to Kandy. There is a railway running from Colombo to Kandy, built by the English government, at a cost of £150,000. Native labor was used in its construction, but the engineers and contractors had much difficulty in getting the laborers to use proper implements and conveniences. Finding the process of filling in and grading very slow, when all the earth was carried upon the head from one point to the other in small baskets holding about half a peck, they imported a number of wheelbarrows; but it was a long time before the natives could be induced to wheel them, preferring to fill and carry them upon their heads as they carried the baskets. Suicide is a common event amongst the natives; and since the construction of the road, death by the rail seems to be a favorite mode of making an exit from this world. An engineer told me that scarce a month passed but he became the unintentional executioner of a victim.

Kandy lying in the mountains, there are many steep grades to ascend. The scenery is very picturesque. The low lands are covered with paddy fields. Plantains, palms, and cinnamon-trees grow luxuriantly in the valleys; the higher lands are covered with coffee plantations. Sensation Point, about twenty miles from Kandy, receives its name from the feeling it inspires; it is a short, sharp curve cut in the face of a precipitate mountain, and in traversing which you are impressed with a feeling that the train is every instant about to take a fearful leap into the depths below. Apparently seen in close proximity (a valley, however, of several thousand feet in depth lying between) is Bible Mount, resembling in appearance an open Bible upon a pulpit, and Adams Peak, 7,420 feet high, upon which the Cingalese and Hindoos worship the colossal footsteps of “Amam” who, according to their belief, was created there, and supposed by the Buddhists to have been Buddha himself. Pilgrimages are made to it, and the betel-leaf is exchanged as a sign of peace.

Kandy or Kandi (it is frequently spelled both ways) is a miserable native town surrounded by a mud wall. It is seventy-two miles from Colombo. Its location is pleasant and healthy. The



HIGH CASTE MAN AND WOMAN, CEYLON.

English have greatly improved the town since the construction of the railway.

One of the richest Buddhist temples in Ceylon is here located. It is called "Dalada Malagawa," or the "Temple of the Sacred Tooth." The ladies having expressed a desire to visit the interior, induced a native, by paying him liberally, to conduct us. Entering through an arched gateway in a high solid stone wall, we stood in a large square court with the temple in the center of it. Upon the wall were two men in dark gowns blowing occasional blasts upon large conch shells, as a notification that "Buddha" was being adored. The sacred portion of the temple stands upon an oblong platform of stone elevated five feet above the level of the court. Ascending a flight of stone steps upon the outside of the temple, we entered a door opening into a large square room. By this time, quite a concourse of worshippers had gathered around us. Amongst them was a Mussulman who had followed us in through the gate; he could speak English, and continually intruded his remarks upon me—I presume to impress those around with the idea that he belonged to our party. Passing through a deep arch in one side of the room, we emerged into a narrow apartment, at the end of which was a large door-way. Before the door-way hung white cotton-wool curtains with festoons of yellow flowers at the top. This curtain concealed the sacred apartment containing Buddha. My conductor had left me as soon as we entered the temple, and the crowd held themselves aloof. We consulted together a moment, whether it would be prudent to attempt an entrance. I asked the Mussulman. "I tink, all right!" was his reply; he was evidently anxious to get a sight himself. I approached, seized the curtain, drew it aside, and was confronted by two priests dressed in long yellow silk gowns and having narrow yellow bands around their foreheads; behind them hung rich and heavy yellow silk curtains. They looked at me sternly, and raised their hands as if to stay my progress. I retired a pace and pointed to Mrs. Stratton and Minnie; they looked at them in wonderment; one of them disappeared, and returned with two more priests. I told the Mussulman, whom I now found useful, to say that we came from a far-off strange land, and wished to look upon and bow before their great "Buddha."

"We'll do all but the bowing," said Minnie.

He interpreted and was told in reply that "Buddha" was feasting, and no one but the officiating priests were allowed to gaze upon him at such a time. We waited about fifteen minutes, being subjected every moment to a scrutiny by half a dozen priests, who alternately popped their heads in and out from behind the curtains.

"If I were Buddha," said Mrs. Stratton, looking at them, "I would discharge every one of you for such neglect at meal-time. Go and wait upon him properly, and ask him to postpone the desert, for we are tired waiting."

The priests hearing her speak, nodded as if they understood, and almost at the same moment an aged priest drew aside the curtain, and motioned to us to enter. Our Mussulman accompanied us. There was a massive door which stood open immediately behind the outer curtains; the inner curtains were suspended at a sufficient distance to allow room for the door to open and shut. This door was completely sheathed in silver, and had massive silver hinges. Drawing aside the inner curtain, we stood in the presence of the god. The apartment was twenty feet long, and about fifteen feet wide. Across the room was a strong iron cage, the floor of which was about three feet high; the iron bars, at least an inch in diameter, were securely fastened in the floor and ceiling. A door upon one side of the cage was secured with an enormous padlock. Within this cage stood Buddha. In front of the cage was a solid silver table elaborately worked, and covered with large white and yellow flowers, which emitted a most delicious perfume. The remains of the feast, which seemed to consist mostly of rice, was strewn around. A number of lighted lamps containing cocoa-nut oil, were suspended from the ceiling, and several wax-candles in silver candlesticks were burning upon the table.

We modestly stopped in the middle of the room; but the old priest motioned for us to approach nearer; upon that invitation we walked directly to the bars. We had expected to see in an image of the god something of a human face and form; but it did not in the slightest degree approach it. It was of pure gold, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high; take a large vase, invert it; then place a knob, with indentations to represent eyes, nose, and mouth, upon the top, and you have an idea of its form. (All the images of Buddha are not alike; he appears in different forms—different castes have different shapes.) It was covered with jewels and gold-chains—offerings to the god. A cluster of large diamonds, sapphires, rubies, and emeralds, set in the form of a bird six inches long, glittered upon the front. Upon every available portion similar jewels, interspersed with pearls, amethysts, and topaz, added their beauties. The jewels are estimated to be worth £3,000,000 sterling; those heavy bars are a necessary precaution. We expressed our admiration to each other; the old priest watched our countenances, and was so pleased at the admiration we evinced that he seized one of the candlesticks, thrust his arm between the bars, and held the light close to the figure to afford us a better view. We placed our faces against the

ears, and took a long survey. As we were about to depart, two priests advanced, and hung wreaths of yellow flowers around our necks. The Mussulman pulled me by the arm; I turned, and said he:

"Dey tink God dat shape!" pointing to the image, and laughing derisively; "dam fool! Dey tink dat ting eat!—ha! ha! ha! dam fool! God see dat ting, he laugh too!—ha! ha! ha! dam fool!" Then making a grimace at the figure: "You not God—ou dam fool! dam fool!" Fearing he might do something to excite the priests, I pushed him before us from the room.

Upon each side of the opening was a large box about four feet square, with a large slit in the top like a money-box. The lids were secured firmly. The Mussulman volunteered the information that upon festive days "dey bring gold and silver—fill dem box wo, tree times a day—tousand pounds—dam fool!"

We received an invitation to visit the palace of the last king of Ceylon, situated five miles from the city, the road to which afforded us a view of quite romantic scenery. We were hospitably welcomed by the grandson of the late king. He had sent to the forest, twenty miles distant, and ordered five elephants to be brought in for our amusement. He possesses a very large herd, and employs them in rolling and carrying timber. Shortly after our arrival we heard the tinkling of their bells as they descended the road, and in a few moments they drew up in line before us and saluted. After going through a most wonderful performance, under the direction of the Mahouts, in which these huge creatures exhibited their great sagacity, docility, and strength, they returned to the forest. Coconuts were plucked from the trees, opened, the milk poured into bowls, and offered us to drink; a most refreshing draught. Bidding farewell to our host, we returned to the city.

At the solicitation of numerous coffee-planters, who were unable to attend the previous evening on account of their fear of being on the road at night, we gave an entertainment at 11 A.M. on the 19th, and left at 1 P.M. for Colombo, remaining there over night, and starting early next morning in the mail coaches for "Galle."

His Excellency Sir Hercules Robinson had left Colombo for Galle the day previous. The road along the entire route, in compliment to him, was adorned with festoons of flowers—beautiful arches and various devices. As he journeyed very slow, and we traveled fast, we arrived at the bungalow to dine a few minutes after him. The place was surrounded by natives, but as they saw our coaches approach they rushed up the road to meet us. His Excellency and suite had possession of the principal room. We entered an adjoining apartment and called for dinner, and was told that it was all

placed upon His Excellency's table. We were desperately hungry having left Colombo too early to obtain breakfast. All that we could obtain was a few stale biscuits and cold water. "His Excellency" having been informed by one of his suite that General Tom Thumb and party had arrived, immediately sent his card with an invitation to join him at dinner; but as the formalities necessarily observed would occupy more time than we could spare upon our journey, we declined. The landlord, as we were about to depart, presented his bill, and demanded as much as if he had furnished a regular dinner. I could not help exclaiming, in the language of the Mussulman, "Tink I pay dat!—not a bit of it—dam fool!" I gave him a just compensation, and departed.



SNAKE CHARMERS, CEYLON.

CHAPTER VII.

ANUARY 28th.—We sailed in steamship Malta, Captain Skottowe, for Australia. It was very warm weather, and as we approached the equatorial line found it so oppressive in the cabin that most of the passengers slept upon deck—an unwise proceeding; nearly all of them felt the evil effects afterward. There was a penetrating moisture in the night which imparted an agreeable coolness to the body, but danger lurked in it. I had once been told by an old sailor, who for many years had been engaged in the African trade, that while in tropical climates he never passed a single night upon deck, unless performing actual duty, but invariably slept below, wrapped in a light woolen blanket, however sultry the atmosphere. He retained his health, while death reaped a rich harvest amongst those of the crew who did not take the precaution. I remembered his words and advised our party to profit by them.

The day we sailed, a young man in the last stage of consumption was brought on board. He was a resident of Bombay, and had been recommended, as a last hope, to try the effect of the Australian climate. No relative accompanied him—he had trusted himself to the kind offices of a friend. He was so feeble that he had to be carried like a child from the cabin to the deck. Our ladies were very attentive, which seemed to afford him great pleasure; every morning when brought upon deck he looked wistfully for their greeting. Each day a marked change for the worse was apparent; his great desire was to reach land, knowing that his mortal remains would be consigned to the deep if the vessel did not arrive in port within twenty-four hours after his decease; such was the positive rule. He dreaded the thought of it more than death. He looked forward anxiously and listened eagerly to the daily report of the ship's progress. Having partaken of the Holy Sacrament, he resigned all but that one earthly hope. On the 14th February he inquired of the captain,

“When will we arrive at the Sound?”

“Probably on the 16th,” replied the captain.

"Thank God!" said he; "take me upon deck."

He was carried up, and the passengers used every endeavor to cheer and amuse him, but even while he was smiling at their effort the dart guided by the skeleton-hand touched him—the purple shadow overspread his countenance. He was immediately removed to the captain's room. How hard he wrestled with the "King of Terrors" for a few more hours of time, and how fervently we prayed that he might not be overthrown until his mortal senses were assured that his wish would be accomplished! At noon the following day, after an observation had been taken and reckoning made,

"How much longer?" he faintly inquired.

"In less than twenty-four hours we will cast anchor."

He looked his gratitude; with a smile he resigned the struggle and his spirit fled. At 8 A.M. the next day the vessel entered the harbor of Albany. At 3 P.M. the remains of our fellow-passenger inclosed in a neat coffin and covered with the English flag, was carried over the side and deposited in the captain's boat; the other boats were lowered and filled with the officers and passengers, male and female; in line they were rowed ashore. The solemn procession proceeded to a small church, where the impressive service for the dead was performed, then wended its way to a neat little cemetery about a mile distant, upon the summit of a hill overlooking the harbor, where the body was interred. The deceased had become such a favorite with the passengers, for his meekness, and a natural sympathy for him, that all were true mourners.

Albany is a small town in Western Australia, and the principal place in that portion of the colony. It is located at the foot of two granite hills, upon the shores of Princess Royal Harbor, which harbor is almost land-locked, and approached from "King George's Sound" through a narrow entrance. The sound is one hundred and eighty miles east of Cape Lieuwin, the southwestern point of the Australian continent. Albany is used as a coaling station by the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company.

From the sound to Spencer's Gulf, within the province of South Australia, a range of coast twelve hundred miles in length, there are no safe harbors, and the land is sandy and barren. From Spencer's Gulf eastward, there are a number of gulfs and bays with deep water throughout, admitting of safe navigation.

The magnitude and importance of the Australian colonies is not generally appreciated by the pupil; they learn that Australia is located upon the other side of the globe, but they do not charge their minds with information as to its climate, natural features, productions, etc., while the mass of adults merely look upon it as an immense gold-field.

It would be superfluous for me to undertake a description which may be obtained by reference to any geography; but a few concise sentences may convey a general idea to the mind of those of my readers who have no fancy for the dry detail of geography. As we have traveled over most of the explored portion, I will offer a few of my own observations.

Australia includes not only the continental island, or sea-girt continent, and Tasmania or Van Diemen's Land, but many other smaller islands, but little known. The main-land along the eastern shore, from its northern point, Cape York, to its southern point, Cape Wilson, is two thousand miles—thus involving a vast difference in temperature and productions; but the dimensions from north to south is not uniformly so great. West of Cape York the Gulf of Carpentaria advances a long way inland; from there the average breadth from north to south is twelve hundred miles, and its length from east to west two thousand four hundred miles. Comparing it with Europe it is nearly equal in area. It is divided into five distinct colonies:—New Holland on the northeast, New South Wales on the east, and stretching into the interior, joining the line of South Australia; Victoria, embracing the southeast corner; South Australia, west of Victoria and New South Wales, and embracing a considerable extent of the southern coast, and Western Australia, which takes in nearly the entire western half of the continent; the greater portion of it is unexplored—the interior altogether unknown.

The first settlement was established in New South Wales in 1788; in Victoria, Port Phillip, in 1830; Western Australia (Swan River settlement), 1829; South Australia, 1836. When the foundation of Sydney was laid by Gov. Phillips and his convicts, there was not a single white inhabitant in the whole territory. For the first thirty years the increase was slow, numbering about 8,000. In 1821 they numbered 30,000; in 1832, 60,000, of which number 25,000 were actual convicts. The practice of sending convicts to New South Wales ceased in 1840. In 1851, when the first gold was discovered, the entire population of the colonies numbered 336,000 souls. The discovery of this apparently inexhaustible mineral wealth gave an extraordinary impulse to emigration, and the increase in population has been wonderfully rapid; cities and towns have sprung into existence, and the traveler finds in them all the luxuries and comforts, the same gay and elegantly costumed ladies, and the same busy life in the streets, as seen in our own Empire State.

Botany Bay, a few miles south of Sydney, was the original destined seat of the New South Wales settlement, and the name was long attached to the colony, and familiarly known; but from the

time of its discovery by Captain Cook, whose fellow-voyager, S. Joseph Banks, gave it the name, it has remained free from convicts and tenants. There is a beautiful Botanic Garden, and it is a great resort for the fashionables of Sydney.

The mountain system, so far as known, forms a belt within fifty or sixty miles of the coast, almost entirely around the continent between the mountains and the sea it is undulating and watered occasionally encroached upon by sharp spurs from the chain. Upon the inland side the country sinks unevenly into wide-spread plains, with such a gradual slope as scarcely to afford a drainage. The belt of mountains is broken between "Spencer's Gulf" and "King George's Sound," the country, as I have before observed being low, sandy, and barren. There are three divisions of the "Warragongs," so named by the natives, which extend from Cape Wilson, in the south, to Cape York, in the north, running within sixty or seventy miles of the east coast. The Australian Alps is the first range—the highest peak, Mount Kosciusko, 6,500 feet, its summit crowned with eternal snow. The Blue Mountains form the second range, north of the Alps—its highest peak, Mount York 3,290 feet in elevation. The Liverpool range is north of the Blue Mountains, running in the same direction, Mount Lindsey, 6,000 feet high, being its loftiest peak. Upon their southeastern face the Alps slope off in undulating ground, merging towards the coast into well-watered plains, which afford splendid runs for flocks; this is the famed "Gippsland."

Another range commences at Portland Bay, in the western part of Victoria, run north for a short distance, then to the east, connecting with the Alps by lower hills; these mountains are called the Pyrenees and Grampians. It is on the northern slopes of these mountains that gold has been so plentifully found. The mountains along the western coast are low, reaching an altitude only of 2,000 or 2,500 feet.

In South Australia occurs another mountain range, running north from Cape Jervis to Lake Torrens.

Australia has a coast line of 8,000 miles, but withal there is a great scarcity of fresh water, few rivers of any size discharging themselves into the sea. From Port Lincoln to King George's Sound not a single water-course can be found—a distance of 1,500 miles. Lakes are plentiful, but they are nearly all salt. Lake Torrens lies inland from the head of Spencer's Gulf, in South Australia, and is said to be four hundred miles long by from fifteen to twenty broad. As long droughts occur the channels of the rivers and lakes are dried up, and they present the appearance of reedy marshes. During the rainy season the water will overflow their banks and inundate the

ntry for miles around; the loss of life and property at such
 es is immense.

he verdure is perpetual; the forest generally gloomy and weird-
 . The gum-tree, one of the largest, grows nearly one hundred
 fifty feet high and thirty feet in circumference, their branches
 rled and twisted. The forests are named after the peculiar tree
 dominating—"iron bark," "string bark," "myall," a perfumed
 d. The fern trees are remarkable; they grow fifteen to twenty
 high, with leaves five feet long, differing only in size from the
 mon fern. The "grass tree" is also peculiar. Upon a shrubby
 a, like a palm, springs long wiry foliage, from the midst of
 ch rise cylindrical spikes of compact flowers—if they may be
 erved—like bulrushes. The natives use the base of the inner
 es, both raw and roasted, for food, while the upper portions are
 l by the whites for fodder. Trees shed their bark instead of
 r leaves, annually.

he fruits comprise those of the tropical, as also those of a colder
 ate.

he zoology is very limited—the kangaroo the principal; of
 ch there are, it is said, twenty varieties. The largest is called
 "forester," or "old man," over six feet high; the smallest the
 ngaroo rat;" the wallabys, of the same species, are about three
 high and beautifully furred. Opossums and wild dogs, resem-
 g a wolf in appearance, are numerous. Australia now possesses
 ed cattle, sheep, swine, and almost every variety of domestic
 als. Great attention is paid to the breed of horses, which is
 fine.

he birds are famed for their beautiful plumage, but have no
 . The largest is the emu, or cassowary; eagles, measuring nine
 from tip to tip of wing; falcons, cockatoos, parrots, parroquets,
 ks, owls, pelicans, cranes, spotted grosbeaks, ravens, and the
 bird, with a magnificent lyre-shaped tail; wild turkeys; the
 hing jackass. This bird is of the same species as the English
 fisher; it is about eighteen inches long, and is very powerful
 bold. It feeds not only upon insects but upon small birds and
 es, and will sit patiently upon the branch of a tree watching
 ts prey. Every few moments it breaks out into a yah! yah! yah!
 ating each note louder than the previous, resembling in sound
 oud cachinnation of a negro, but which the Australasians say
 d be like that of a jackass, if a jackass could or did laugh;
 e its name. In the wooded parts, a number will sometimes
 e. The first time we heard it, as we were passing through a
 ls, we were startled, supposing we were in the neighborhood

of a number of natives holding high revel. When caught they may be easily tamed.

The aquatic birds include the black swan; we saw immense numbers in the lagoons in South Australia.

The reptiles are numerous and venomous; they comprise the diamond, the black, the brown, the whip, and the yellow snake.



NATIVE AUSTRALIANS.

The natives belong to the negro race, and are of a sooty brow, short in stature, with protruding abdomens; the head and limbs small, hair jet-black, long, matted, and greasy; their eyes large, black, and penetrating; they may be classed amongst the lowest types of humanity; their scant covering consists of kangaroo skin; they live in mud and bush huts.

The principal rivers are the Murray, navigable its entire length during the rainy season, from 36° latitude until lost in Lake Victoria; Murrumbidgee, Richmond, Hunter, Hawkesbury, Lachlan, Macquarie, and Darling.

On the morning of February 16th the "Malta" entered the narrow passage, one and a half miles across, called "The Heads," and steamed across Port Phillip Bay—a splendid land-locked sheet of water thirty miles either way—and cast anchor in Hobson's Bay, the upper extremity of Port Phillip's Bay is called. It is the harbor of Melbourne. The city stands upon the banks of the "Yarra," eight miles from its mouth. Small vessels only can ascend the river.

The site of the city is low. It was founded in 1837; in seventeen years after its population numbered 100,000. Its present population, including its suburbs—Collingwood, Richmond, Kew, etc.—is 150,000.

We opened at Polytechnic Hall on the 21st, to a full house, and in a month the building was packed day and evening with enthusiastic and delighted audiences. Bourke-street, a business thoroughfare, upon which the hall was located, was so thronged with the public who wished to see "the little people" ride to and from the hall in their miniature carriage, that traffic at such hours was completely stopped, and the mayor was several times called upon to forbid "General Tom Thumb's" carriage passing through Bourke-street; to which the mayor replied that he had no legal power to do so. Gen. Tom Thumb was a temporary resident of Melbourne; he was on his way to and from his legitimate place of business. As the citizens the complainants should join with him in protecting General in his right of way; to do so, the first necessary step would be to restrain public curiosity; he feared that would be a useless task, for upon several occasions when upon the street while General was passing, he had his own curiosity so excited that he had forgotten his dignity as mayor, and ran pell-mell after him. The Polytechnic was a very neat and convenient hall for our purpose. I must pay a tribute to the lessee, Dr. L. L. Smith, M.P. A more courteous gentleman, genial companion, or warm-hearted friend, we have seldom met. His excellent lady also deserves the best encomiums. When leaving the colonies there were no persons from whom we parted with greater regret than Dr. Smith and his wife. Fond of the sport, he possessed an excellent racing-stud, and had been successful upon the turf. Having two fine colts, he named them respectively Lavinia and Minnie. Becoming a happy father shortly after our arrival, they named the little innocent Min-Lavinia, Mrs. Stratton standing godmother.

A complimentary benefit having been tendered by the leading amateurs of Melbourne to Prof. Robert Heller, the celebrated prestidigitateur, to take place at the Theatre Royal, the largest theatre in Australia (since destroyed by fire), I consented for the little people to appear upon the occasion. The performance was to consist of prestidigitation by Mr. Heller, operatic selections, vocal and instrumental, by popular artistes, to conclude with the drawing-room entertainment of Gen. Tom Thumb and party. One hour before the commencement the theatre was filled, and a mass of people upon the street struggling to force an entrance. The same scene was enacted at the Polytechnic—the overflow of both places being the other theatres and other places of amusement. As the

evening progressed the audience at the Theatre Royal became impatient, and calls for Gen. Tom Thumb frequently drowned the sweet notes of the artiste. When at length I introduced the "little people," such a shout of welcome issued from manly throats that the walls fairly shook; the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and laughed their delight. There were over three thousand five hundred persons within the theatre; they filled the orchestra, they sat upon the stage, they hung upon the proscenium columns, they climbed from the galleries, and even sat upon the figures supporting the front of the private boxes. It was indeed a most flattering reception.

From Melbourne we proceeded to Emerald Hill, Williamstown, Prahran, St. Kilda, North Brighton, Kyneton, Malmesbury, Daylesford, Yaradale, Sandhurst, Eagle Hawk, and Castlemaine.

There being but few railways then in Australia (they are building them rapidly) and wishing to make a thorough tour, I procured two excellent coaches and eight horses for conveyances. We then visited Maldon, Maryborough, Dunolly, Inglewood, Tyler's Rush, Tamagulla, Majorca, Talbot, Avoca, Clunes, Creswick, Smythesdale, and Ballarat.

Many of these places are famed for their rich yield of gold. For miles around, alluvial mining has given the country an appearance as if a monster ploughshare had turned its surface. When the claims have apparently been exhausted, and a new discovery made, a rush is made for the new diggings, and the old ones entirely deserted. It is then the Chinaman will take his little pan, and assiduously glean the earth; not a grain of the yellow dust escapes him; they may be seen industriously digging and washing. When they have accumulated \$1,500 or \$2,000—a large fortune to them—they return to China to live at ease. Many of them, however, marry Europeans, chiefly Irish. I have conversed with several females who have taken Celestials for better and for worse, and they spoke of them as most kind and affectionate husbands, and possessing strong parental feelings.

We remained three weeks at Ballarat, visiting by invitation the various charitable institutions of which that city may justly be proud. In fact, throughout the colonies there is scarce a town but what supports a local charity. We were much gratified in witnessing the pleasure evinced by the inmates when they saw the little people of whom they had heard so much. Even the smallest urchins in the orphan asylums in that distant land knew them by reputation. To test their knowledge and discrimination, upon one occasion, when the children were assembled before us, I asked them whether the little people they looked upon were men and women or children like themselves;

"It's Tom Thumb and his wife, Commodore Nutt, and little Minnie Warren, and they're men and women," was said simultaneously. One little urchin about five years old, to give greater emphasis to his knowledge and judgment, shouted,

"Gen. Tom Thumb got married to Lavinia Warren by Barnum. That's Tom Thumb [pointing], and he's a man 'cause he's got whiskers—and that's his wife, and she's a woman, 'cause she wears big chig-non."

I concluded that boy's head was set right upon his shoulders.

From Ballarat we returned to Melbourne, and sailed in steamship "Tamar," and arrived at Launceston, Tasmania, May 26th.

Van Diemen's Land, or Tasmania, is two hundred and ten miles in extent from north to south, and one hundred and fifty miles from east to west, a little more than half of which is supposed to be capable of cultivation. It was discovered by Abel Jansen Tasman, in 1642, who named it Van Diemen's Land after the Dutch governor-general in the East Indies. After remaining five days, and supplying himself with wood and water, he sailed away. For one hundred and thirty years no European visited it. In March, 1773, Capt. Furneaux, who commanded the "Adventure," one of the two ships sent by the English government on a voyage of discovery under Capt. Cook, while separated from Cook through a thick fog, entered Adventure Bay, Brune Island, which was then supposed to be part of the main island. He sailed along the eastern coast, but unfavorable weather compelled him to bear away for New Zealand. Capt. Cook visited the coast in January, 1777, and remained six days. It is supposed that La Perouse visited these shores in 1788, and that he was there wrecked. In 1702, the shores were visited by Rear-Admiral D'Entrecasteaux, sent out by the French government to search for La Perouse.

In 1797, Lieutenant Flinders, in a small sloop called the Norfolk, discovered Tamar River, on which is now situated Launceston; then circumnavigating the island, entered the Derwent. On returning to Sydney he pointed out the advantages which the banks of the Derwent presented for the establishment of a colony. In 1803, Colonel King, Governor of New South Wales, dispatched Lieutenant Bowen with a small party of soldiers and convicts, to take possession of the island, and form a penal settlement on the banks of the Derwent. The party arrived and chose Risdon, a spot situated on the east bank of the river, a few miles above the site of Hobart Town, as the place where the settlement should be formed. They proceeded to clear the land and build houses, but on the 3d May, 1804, during the absence of Lieut. Bowen, three or four hundred aborigines assembled, as some suppose, for the purpose of holding a *cor-*

robbery, or general meeting, and committed the first act of aggression by pulling down the hut of one Burke, which was in advance of the others, and by assaulting his wife. Lieut. Moore, the officer in command, thinking from the hostile bearing of the natives that an attempt to drive the settlers from the island was premeditated, collected the military and convicts and drove the aborigines into the woods, killing and wounding a number of them. This encounter produced feelings of resentment in the breasts of the natives, which they retained to the last. No European was ever safe in their company, no matter how many kindnesses or favors they might have received from him. Shortly after, Lieut.-Governor Collins arrived from England with a number of convicts. After making a survey and finding the natives preparing for another attack, he determined to abandon Risdon for the present site of Hobart Town. Thus was this settlement, which is now such an important feature in the southern hemisphere, established. Fresh convicts arrived yearly and up to the year 1810 their privations were very great. In 1806-7 they were almost at the point of starvation. In 1815, John Whitehead and Michael Howe, two cruel and bloody-minded convicts who had previously escaped to the woods with others, formed a band and committed many robberies and murders; they were dreaded more than the natives. Governor Davy was compelled to establish martial law. In 1817 Howe was killed, and then the natives, having been stirred by the bush-rangers, became troublesome.

In 1825 the white population numbered 20,000 souls. The atrocities of the natives continuing, Lieut.-Governor Arthur again proclaimed martial law, and in 1830 called upon the community to arm *en masse* for the purpose of capturing the hostile tribes. The soldiers drew a cordon across the country, and gradually advanced to the south for the purpose of driving two of the most hostile tribes into Tasman's Peninsula; but owing to an indiscreet night attack by some of the settlers, the natives escaped through the lines, and the expedition was a failure. At the latter end of the year, Mr. Gilbert Robinson, a brave gentleman, succeeded in opening intercourse with them, and induced a number of them to emigrate to Great Flinder's Island, in Bass' Straits; others subsequently surrendered and followed. They are fed and clothed by government, and are becoming industrious and civilized. In appearance they resemble the natives of the sea-girt continent. They have small hollow eyes, broad short noses, wide nostrils, large mouths, elongated jaws like an ourang-outang, frizzled hair, dark skin, shapeless bodies, with disproportionately thin limbs.

The present population of the island is 100,000. In climate, productions, etc., it resembles Victoria; the winters, however, are

little colder. The circumstance of the island being situated at the opposite end of the globe has the effect of reversing the seasons in relation to ours. September, October, and November are the spring months; December, January, and February, the summer; March, April, and May, the autumnal; and June, July, and August, the winter months.

The highest mountains are Ben-Lomond, 4,200 feet; Peak of Teneriffe, or Wild's Craig, 4,500; Mount Wellington, overlooking Hobart Town, 3,750; Table Mount, 3,800; Quamby Bluff, 3,500; Mount Field, 3,000; St. Paul's Dome, 2,500; and many between 1,000 and 2,000 feet high.



NATIVE CORROBBERY OR ASSEMBLAGE, SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

I have thus given a concise but general idea of Tasmania. We traversed the island in our coaches, performing *en route* in the following places:—Campbelltown, Oatlands, Green Pond, Brighton, Richmond, Hobart Town, New Norfolk, Hamilton, Bothwell, Longford, Deloraine, and Launceston. At Oatlands we cleared out and reformed in a stable and coach-house belonging to the inn, the largest public room in the town only being capable of holding fifty persons.

CHAPTER VIII.



ON June 27th we sailed for Melbourne, and during the passage experienced a gale which for severity had scarcely been equaled in that quarter. We were joyfully received when we landed, as doubts and fears for the vessel's safety widely prevailed.

I had been strongly advised and urged not to fulfil my proposed trip across the sandy desert which intervenes between the settlements in the western part of Victoria and those across the line in South Australia. I had determined upon undertaking it, not through blind stubbornness, but having revolved the question in my mind, concluded the apparent results worth the risk. It was necessary to have the coaches and horses for use in South Australia. To have gone by sea would have involved a loss of one week, two days being consumed in reaching the coast at the point where the steamer touched, on her way from Melbourne to Adelaide. The charges, also, to convey our party, with the coaches etc., would be enormous. Mr. Davis wrote me begging me to forego my determination, reports were so unfavorable. The mail was conveyed across twice a week; but it was carried by a little steamer, built expressly for that purpose, across Lakes Alexandrina and Victoria. We would of necessity have to pass around the lakes. The proprietor of the mail-coach came twenty miles to meet me and impress me with the foolishness of the attempt.

"You cannot travel over twelve or fifteen miles a day, for your horses will be almost to their middle in sand," said he. "You will have to pass the night in your coaches; you must carry provision and feed for your horses, as there are only bark sheds at intervals of twenty miles, where we keep the relays, the men in charge living in mia-mias or brush huts."

All this appeared discouraging. I had previously conversed with herdsmen I had met at different inns, and who had been over the country, and they informed me that I would find shelter at sheep stations, but at great distances apart. All it required was "pluck" to undertake the journey.

"I am convinced," said I, in reply to the coach proprietor, "I can go wherever man and horse can go; and where I go, these little people will follow." I relate this to show the indomitable courage and determination of the ladies.

"That's right," said they, "don't give it up! we'd rather sleep upon the bare earth than give any person the opportunity of saying that we were afraid. We have more courage now than most men."

Fearing the ponies would be unequal to the journey, I sent them to the coast to be conveyed by steamer. On the road from Casterton to Penola our eyes were greeted with the first near view of living kangaroo. From this section for two hundred miles westward, not a day passed but we saw hundreds of them. At Mount Gambier we visited the Blue Lake, an unfathomable body of water lying in what was once the crater of a lofty volcano. After ascending the mountain and approaching the edge of the crater, you look into this huge bowl over a mile in diameter, and gaze upon the surface of the water two hundred feet below, which lies so smooth that it reflects like a mirror the passing clouds above; but in sunshine or cloud it still retains its color of deep unchangeable blue.

During our journey we saw black swans, emus, pelicans on the borders of the lakes, wild turkeys—in fact, every species of living thing to be found in Australia. From Mount Gambier we returned to Penola, and then went to Narracoote, thirty-two miles. We have two entertainments. The next morning we started early, and at 5 P.M. stopped at a small "station," owned by a Mr. Rogers. He made us welcome, gave us such fare as he had, principally fat pork, of which we partook heartily. There being but three apartments in the house, we slept as best we could without undressing. On Wednesday we traveled twenty-one miles, our course a succession of sand-hills; not a sign of vegetation, except here and there little patches of scrubby brush. The horses toiled, sometimes sinking to their knees in the sand; to relieve them we walked two-thirds of the way. Mrs. Stratton and Minnie insisted also upon walking. "It was cruel to compel the poor horses," they said, "to draw their weight." We arrived at a small town named Kingston, at 4 P.M., distance thirty miles. We gave two entertainments at the inn. The next day we traveled thirty miles, arriving at Coolotoo Station at 5 P.M. This was the most trying day we experienced on the route. We crossed the corner of the Great Desert; the only guide we had was the track of the vehicle which carried the mail across two days previously. We saw three or four natives, but they kept aloof. To get lost upon this dreary waste of sand, would be certain death. The wilds

of Australia, exclusive of the sandy deserts, are singularly devoid of anything with which to sustain life; not a berry, nut, or vegetable production can be found. All of the explorers have suffered fearfully, and numbers have lost their lives through this barrenness. Many of the cities have monuments erected to these adventurers, inscribed with a record of their sufferings in the bush. A circumstance occurred to me on this day's journey, which for a time caused me great anxiety of mind. I had preceded the coaches some distance, when about noon I came to a steep hill, the sand so loose that I sank to my knees at every step. Observing a track leading to the right, which I supposed was taken to avoid the ascent, I took that course expecting the coaches to follow, as they had hitherto had me in view. I found the sand more compact, and after proceeding some distance, looked back, but could neither catch sight or sound of them. I stopped and shouted; all was still as death. The sun was like a fiery furnace. I examined the track, and was convinced it was that of a vehicle. It was evident to me that the coaches had taken their course over the hill. I did not think it prudent to leave the track, and attempt to find them by crossing the intervening space; I might become bewildered, as it is impossible to follow a straight line in walking with no object in view upon which to fix the eye; besides, they might have turned to the left of the hill. I reflected upon the explorers who had perished in this very section, and began to calculate my chances. "Hold fast to what you have," thought I. The only alternatives appeared to be either to continue in my course, or retrace my steps, take the other road, and by active walking overtake them; but it suddenly occurred to me that an eighth of a mile before coming to the hill, I had passed a track which ran at right angles to the one leading to the hill, and upon reflection I could not recollect that I had seen the coaches after passing it. I had observed this track particularly, for the reason that up to that point there had appeared the mark of only a single vehicle—at least so far as we could determine; where could the other vehicle have come from? This singular fact caused me to notice it, and I now recalled it to memory with the still more puzzling feature that I was upon a third track. Here was a quandary. Perhaps every step I was taking we were becoming farther separated. I looked at my watch—it was one o'clock.

I determined upon my course. I would pursue the track I was on for about two miles further; if then I did not see or hear anything favorable, I would return to Kingston, which I supposed was about fifteen miles distant. Although greatly fatigued and hungry as a wolf, I thought I could accomplish the distance before dark.

I could there obtain horses and a native guide, and again proceed, not knowing but that the rest of the party were in a like predicament. I pictured to myself the distress of the party, when, as time passed, I did not appear. I was aroused from my reverie by hearing a terrible screech over my head; I looked up, and saw an enormous eagle flying in a circle, about a hundred feet above me. An Australian eagle will frequently attack a full-grown kangaroo, and despite the terrible claws of that animal, will kill him. Was I destined to perish thus, or, like a second Sinbad, to be carried off to other regions by a bird? There was not a branch, or even the smallest stick to be found, with which to defend myself. I stood perfectly motionless, supposing that to be the wisest plan. I was mistaken. After circling above me, gradually descending at the same time, for three or four minutes, as if to decide whether I was a living object, he suddenly made a swoop. I as quickly dropped upon the sandy earth, and he swept over me like a gust, so close that his wing touched me. He was a tremendous fellow; he rose again. I sprang up, and moved rapidly forward—a proceeding he seemed to observe with great disfavor; at all events he screeched incessantly, and circled rapidly. Thus we proceeded for over a mile. Sometimes he would stop, and appear to poise himself as if to make another swoop, then dart off in the direction I was going, and repeat the movement. At length he altered his course and sailed away, greatly to my relief. Relating my adventure afterward to some bushmen, they mentioned several instances where men had been attacked, and maimed and disfigured for life. They said I was wrong in standing still, and fortunate in having eluded his swoop. My pushing forward afterwards was my safety. When once they have made an attempt and failed, it will be some time before they repeat it, and then it must be under similar conditions. Had I again paused, no doubt he would have made a second attempt, and it was watching for that he continued with me.

Following the track still further until quite discouraged, I was at length cheered by finding it take a sharp turn to the left. I increased my speed, and in a few minutes came upon another track, which I hoped was the one the coaches had taken, and that I had reached the track ahead of them. I waited for half an hour, and then again began to give way to despair, when the sound of the drivers' voices shouting to the horses reached my ears, and they shortly after appeared, preceded by the ladies walking. They had been very uneasy at my long absence; but like a mother who, when a lost child is restored to her after hours of agony and suspense, instead of caressing, gives him a sound flogging, they began to berate me.

"You're a nice man," said Minnie; "give strict orders that we must all keep together for safety, then break the order first yourself."

"It's a pity you hadn't lost yourself for two or three days for frightening us so," added Mrs. Stratton; "that is, if you had had plenty to eat with you, and some place to sleep at night."

I assured them if those contingencies could be provided for, they should be gratified by seeing me receive that punishment. I would go and lose myself for two or three days. The rest of the distance we traversed on foot, the ladies stopping at intervals to rid their shoes and stockings of sand. They would never acknowledge they were fatigued. The only response to the inquiry would be, "No! we like it!" At noon we usually stopped and searched for fresh water, which was only to be found in holes dug in the earth, beneath the top-surface of sand, by the drovers who were compelled to bring their cattle across the desert, to find a market. These wells fill during the wet season, but many of them become speedily dry. Around them were lying the bleached skeletons of poor beasts, no doubt killed by excessive drinking, after, perhaps, too long a thirst. The percentage of loss hitherto in moving cattle across the country has been very great, but is yearly decreasing in consequence of provision being made for them by furnishing stations over the route.

The following day we performed a journey of thirty-two miles—the road, very heavy sand with here and there patches of more solid soil growing sage-brush. While walking with the ladies some distance ahead of the coaches, we saw a tremendous kangaroo approaching in a parallel line with us. Without altering his course he passed within six feet, clearing twelve or fifteen feet at every bound; after passing he crossed our path and disappeared. Our query was, why he approached so close, when he might have avoided us; but we decided that the fame of "Gen. Tom Thumb" had reached him, and he wished to get a view of the General's wife. We arrived at Wood's Wells, a small adobe house standing upon a high plateau overlooking a bay.

We were welcomed by the hostess, a Scotch woman, who was at her wits' end to find such a large party within her door. However, with the assistance of my wife, she provided an excellent supper of hot scones and kangaroo steak, after which we camped, as best we could, upon rude tables, stools, and benches.

On the 23d we journeyed thirty miles; the country exhibited greater vegetation, a few gum-trees in view. We saw hundreds of kangaroo, wallabys, emus, adjutant-birds, magpies, and laughing jackasses. The lagoons were filled with black swan, wild ducks,

pelicans, etc. We passed the night upon the shore of Lake Menin-gia, in a small village of forty or fifty inhabitants. On the 24th, we journeyed thirty miles, and reached the Murray River at 3 p.m., and were ferried across to Wellington, a miserable little village half buried in sand, which was drifted about with every wind. The inn which five years before had two steps to the door of entrance, was upon one side buried half way the depth of the window, while at the back it had accumulated level with the roof. During this day we saw a number of native huts, and met the natives hunting for game. We had now accomplished the journey which I had been told it was madness to undertake. Upon calculating the amount saved by taking the route I had chosen, I found it to exceed \$600. After performing in ten different towns we arrived at Adelaide, August 8th. The Town Hall, a magnificent building, capable of seating two thousand persons, was filled at every entertainment.

Adelaide has thirty thousand inhabitants; its streets are wide, its buildings costly and elegant.

From Port Adelaide we went by steamer to Portland. Our next point was Belfast. There was a small steamer running between these ports, but as her hour for sailing rested upon the amount of cargo to be shipped, I would not risk disappointing the Belfast public by taking passage in her; besides she could not carry our coaches. The distance by the usual overland route between the two places could not be accomplished in a day, but I learned from a stable-keeper that he knew a road much shorter. It was seldom traveled, as it involved the necessity of fording a wide, deep, and dangerous river, and he only knew the ford; the distance was forty-three miles. In order that our own might be fresh, I engaged eight horses from him to take us to the river, twenty miles distant. The agent of the steamer would not promise that the vessel would reach Belfast in time for our entertainment. I could not carry the luggage by coach, if I wished to make time, so shipped it by steamer. If the little people arrived in time, I could give a levee, although I did not have the luggage, and thus gratify the citizens, besides meeting my appointment—a subject upon which I was very sensitive. As there was great risk attending the journey, I stated the dangers; the little people with one accord said they would go in the coach.

“We have been exposed to many perils, and have bravely faced them,” said Mrs. Stratton; “we want to try the excitement of fording a dangerous river.”

The rest of the company begged to be allowed to go by steamer. Sending our own horses by the drivers two hours in advance, we

started an hour before day-break, and at 9 A.M. reached the bank of the river. It certainly looked a dangerous undertaking. It was one eighth of a mile in width, with a strong current, and evidently very deep. Our guide's actions and remark were not very encouraging. After gazing up and down the stream for some moments, said he,

"The late rain has swollen the river considerably; another twelve hours' storm and a frigate wouldn't touch bottom."

"Are you sure," inquired I, "that you can find the ford?"

"Positive!" replied he; "that is, if the stream is not too high. I'll soon ascertain."

Mounting one of the most powerful of the horses, he entered the river, turned down the stream, and disappearing under the overhanging bank, then shortly reappeared, striking at an angle across, his horse going deeper at every step; suddenly the animal made a plunge as if he had stepped off a ledge, and began to swim; his rider turned him and regained a footing; he then progressed and reached the other side in safety. I looked at the ladies, they appeared pale and anxious.

"Are you afraid to venture?" I inquired.

"No! we will cross," replied they, determinedly.

Our pilot recrossed with greater success, his horse retaining his footing although almost entirely submerged. We then prepared to cross. Our own horses were harnessed, being larger and stronger than the others. The baggage-coach went first; when two-thirds of the distance it came to a sudden halt.

"We are fast against a rock," the driver shouted.

Our guide appeared troubled, and looked toward me as if for a suggestion, and then anxiously at the ladies. He seemed to regret the task.

"What kind of a bar is it?" said I.

"Hard sand, very narrow, and full of bowlders," replied he. "He did not keep the line," pointing towards the other coach. "Lucky he stuck—a few feet further he would have rolled over into deep water."

Rather a startling communication for us—a few feet either way out of our course would launch us into eternity.

"You are sure that you're right?" inquired I.

"Yes," replied he.

"Then mount and go ahead!" said I; "we'll follow."

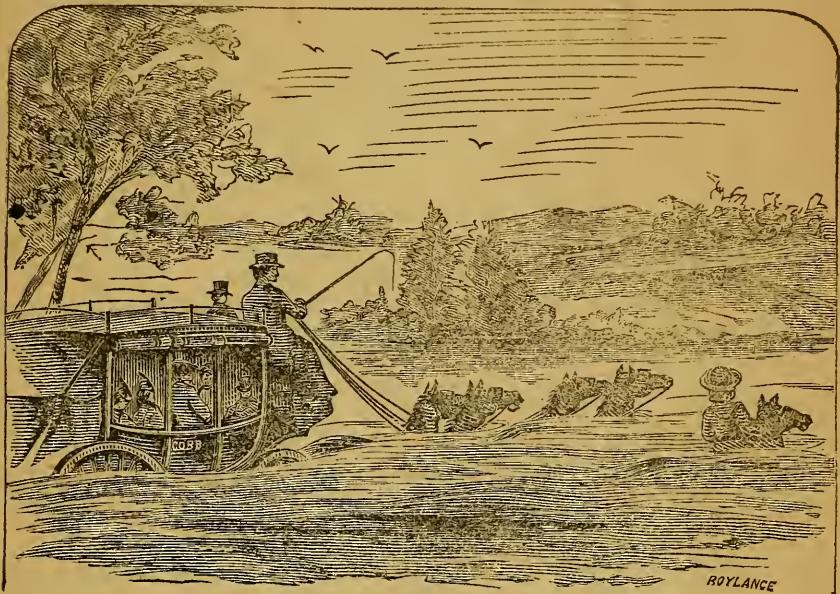
We took our seats in the coach. Entering the water we followed his course down stream, keeping close in-shore, until we came to a thick bush growing beneath the overhanging bank.

"Turn quick and short!" he shouted.

Our driver obeyed. I observed a small white cross planted close to the root of the bush.

"Head so as to pass one yard above that coach, and *no farther*," he added, emphatically.

We progressed, each moment deeper and deeper, until the body of our coach was submerged level with the window, the interior filled level with the seats. We drew our knees to our chins.



FORDING A RIVER.

"What would P. T. say to this?" said the General.

The driver, with failing heart, pulled up.

"Don't stop! don't stop! or you're lost!" shouted our guide.

This was the deepest part over the bar.

"Urge them! oh, urge them!" groaning in his anxiety.

The driver plied his whip about the horses' heads, but half swimming they scarce had power to move the vehicle. It was a critical moment for us. With a tremendous effort at length they succeeded, and we slowly emerged and shortly after stood upon terra firma, close beside a bush with another white cross beside it.

These crosses were the land-marks, and it required a man with a steady nerve and a correct eye, looking across a rapid current, to drive four-in-hand in a direct line, with a knowledge that a deviation of a few feet would be fraught with a death-peril. With light hearts we traversed the remainder of the distance—twenty-three miles—and arrived in Belfast at noon.

It is unnecessary for me to mention the names of all the places we visited *en route* to Sydney. The new and magnificent Town Hall having been just completed in Melbourne, we gave two entertainments for the benefit of the charities. They were the first performances given within its walls. The yield to the charities, despite a terrific storm, was \$1,951.13.

The rainy season having commenced, I made preparations in case we should be caught in the flood. I had written Mr. Davis that after Seymour we would have a valley of sixty or seventy miles to cross; therefore to avoid disappointments he was not to advertise us for six days—a fortunate arrangement. We left Seymour in a pouring rain. When we had proceeded two miles the baggage-coach became bogged. We all went to work with a will to extricate it; but the harder we labored the fainter the prospect—the only result was damaged harness and a broken whipple-tree. Upon a rising ground, two hundred yards distant, a teamster was located. Finding he could not proceed further, he had evidently made arrangements to remain there, safely sheltered in his covered wagon, until the flood, which was inevitable, had subsided. His head projected from beneath the canvas, and he watched our efforts for a long time. At length I beckoned to him. After a little hesitation he crawled out and approached with his hands in his pockets.

“You have several powerful animals there,” said I; “will you assist us to extricate our coach?”

“For money,” he drawled in reply.

After a little parley he agreed to drag the coach out of the bog for a sovereign. He returned to his wagon, unhitched three of his horses, when out popped a female’s head from beneath the cover, followed by the nobs of four tangled-haired children; a brief conversation ensued, her voice increasing in pitch until I heard her exclaim,

“You fool! are you goin’ to do it? go and tell ’em you want five pounds. You’ve got ’em! they can’t help themselves; if they won’t give it, let ’em stick there till they drown.”

“Five pounds! five pounds!” chorused the children.

He had during this dialogue partly harnessed the team; he paused a moment, but his better feeling prevailed. He brought his horses and also a long iron chain. In five minutes the coach was upon more solid ground. The water was now rising rapidly and flooding the valley. I immediately ordered a return to Seymour, which place we reached with difficulty.

The day of our arrival in Seymour I observed a large row-boat in the hotel yard, and had wonderingly inquired its use of the landlord, as there was no stream within an area of thirty miles.

"If this rain continues," said he, "you will see a mighty river, and that boat will save many lives."

His words were verified. All that night he hastened to the assistance of those in peril, bringing in the distressed ones, until the hotel was filled with women and children. The next morning revealed a submerged town. There were but three buildings which had escaped inundation—the hotel, bank, and a flour mill. These contained the inhabitants, except such as had at the first rising escaped to the hills. We will never forget that fearful night. From the windows we peered out into the darkness, watching the torches as they were waved from the different houses. The plaintive cries for help upon all sides mingled with the rushing and roaring of the torrents from the hills. These cries, accompanied by the bellowing of cattle, bleating of sheep, and howling of dogs, afforded a doleful sound.

We remained at Seymour for five days before the flood abated. Having anticipated the delay, we had missed no appointments.

We opened at Sydney October 4th, and performed a season of three weeks with immense success, after which we proceeded to the north, visiting a number of large towns.

During a period of eight and a half months, while in Australia, we traversed a distance of five thousand three hundred miles overland (nearly the whole distance by coach), and performed in one hundred and five different cities and towns.

While at Sydney, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh honored us with his company at supper. When he took his departure, which was in the "wee sma' hours," he complimented us with the remark that he had enjoyed an evening's pleasure rarely experienced by him.

We were invited to attend the Mayor's Ball, given in honor of His Royal Highness. It being a fancy-dress ball, Minnie was dressed as Little Red Riding Hood, and created a great sensation. His Royal Highness danced with her, and was particularly attentive, to the great envy of many titled ladies present. It was the gossip for many days after, amongst the envious ones, that His Royal Highness had kissed that "mite of a thing." When I asked Minnie as to the truth of the report, her reply was,

"I never kiss and tell."

CHAPTER IX.



ON Saturday, November 5th, we left Sydney in "Steamship Malta," for Point du Galle. On the 7th we landed at Melbourne, and attended a "ball" given in honor of the "little people." We again sailed the following day, and reached King George's Sound on the 13th. Having to remain twenty hours to coal, we gave an entertainment at Albany.

We arrived at Galle on the 28th, and sailed again on the 30th, in "Steamship Surat," for Madras, which place we reached December 3d. The city is destitute of a harbor, vessels casting anchor in an open roadstead. Passengers are landed in boats called "massulahs," made of planks sewed together with cocoa-nut fibre or coir. The smaller kinds consist of three cocoa-tree logs lashed together, forming a raft called a "catamaran." The massulahs are light, and well calculated to live in the tremendous surf which prevails all along the coast. Choosing one of the largest of these boats, containing a dozen native oarsmen, our little people embarked in it, and after a short struggle in the surf were safely landed upon the sandy beach.

For the purpose of our entertainment I succeeded in obtaining the "Pendal," an enormous tent formed of the leaves of the "pendal tree." It had been built by a company of Portuguese circus-performers. As it required four or five days to prepare it for use, I immediately proceeded to Bangalore, two hundred and sixteen miles inland, in the province of Mysore, and exhibited there for three days.

The province of Mysore forms a high plateau, embracing 30,000 square miles of country. Bangalore is the principal city, and lies 3,000 feet above the sea-level. It possesses the finest climate in India, being cool and pleasant all the year round. It has a number of silk and cotton manufactories, and enjoys an excellent trade. A railway runs from Madras to Baypore, four hundred and six miles, called the Southwest Line. At Arconum, forty-two miles from Madras, a branch runs to Yadputri, two hundred and twenty-seven miles, and called the Northwest Line. At Jollaspett, one hundred and thirty-two miles from Madras, is another branch running to Bangalore. The stations on the Northwest Line are all large native towns, with a few European inhabitants in each. The country is very fertile. Thirty-five miles southwest from Madras lies a ruined city called "Mahabalipoor." Amongst

the ruins are the seven pagodas—ancient Hindoo temples—dedicated to “Vishnu ;” these, together with other temples, some of them excavated in the solid rock, are covered with the most beautiful and elaborate carvings.

Returning to Madras we gave our entertainments in the “Pandal,” to large audiences of Europeans and wealthy natives. On the 14th we received a visit from His Royal Highness the Maharajah of Vizianagram and suite, he having previously signified to me his intention. He was at the time on a state visit to Sir C. Napier, the Governor of the Madras Presidency. His Royal Highness was dressed in French military costume ; but upon his head he wore a close-fitting cap, embroidered with gold and sparkling with jewels. After a pleasant interview he bestowed a remembrance of his visit upon each of the little folks.

A deputation of native Baboos and merchants waited upon me, introduced by “Sundahram,” our native landlord, who acted as interpreter. The Hindoo wives of the higher castes are never allowed to be seen by, or come face to face with, any of the male sex, except their own husbands and the members of their immediate households. “Sundahram” had never seen his sister-in-law after she was united to his brother. The deputation stated that, having heard of the fame of General Tom Thumb and the ladies, their wives were anxious to behold them, and they asked the privilege of having a space allotted them in the “Pandal,” where they could suspend blinds, through which their wives could see without being seen. They had first, however, invited us to visit their residences, which I declined, as time would not permit. I consented. The next morning they sent their servants and suspended the blinds. In the evening about fifty of the ladies arrived at the private entrance, and I conducted them to the place allotted ; their faces were entirely covered with the exception of one eye. They were all barefooted, and upon their toes were massive gold and silver rings. I had devoted a space for their use directly beside the stage, so arranged that they were effectually hidden from all eyes but the little folks’ and my own. I presume they considered me as part of the show they had come to see, as they made no attempt to conceal their faces when I stood upon the platform. When they removed the covering which enveloped their figures, their rich costumes were displayed. Their arms were bare above their elbows, and encircled with gold armlets set with precious stones. Many of them possessed finely chiseled features ; their bright black and expressive eyes gave an animated tone to their countenances, and were it not for their sooty complexions they might have been termed handsome. At the conclusion of the entertainment they retired as they had entered, unseen by all.

On the 16th we received an invitation from a wealthy native merchant to be present that evening at his residence to attend the festival to be given by him in celebration of the first anniversary of his grand-

son's birthday. Coupled with the invitation was the information that most celebrated nautch-girls would be present.

At 11 P.M. we started for his residence in the suburbs. After a pleasant drive of four miles, the moon at full, shining with that peculiarly soft silvery light which can only be seen in southern latitudes, we entered the gate of his compound. Our ears were saluted with the sound of the tom-tom. Passing through an avenue of rare plants we alighted at the center of a long and wide covered piazza, which was reached by an ascent of four steps. This piazza was covered with rich carpets, upon which the invited guests, numbering about one hundred, were squatting—so seated as to leave an avenue a yard wide the entire length. At one end stood a native band with tom-toms—small “jals” or “gongs”—and an instrument somewhat resembling a guitar. As we alighted and ascended the steps we were met and welcomed by the host—a fine-looking portly man, his rich Oriental costume adding a splendor and dignity to his person. Two magnificent solitaires sparkled in his ears, and his fingers were covered with jewels. He conducted us to seats reserved for us at the head of the living avenue, and close by the band. There were a dozen other European ladies and gentlemen (residents of Madras) present. A servant presented each of us with a handsome nosegay, followed immediately after by several attendants bearing refreshments, the host at intervals approaching and sprinkling us from a gold vessel with perfumed water. Presently the band, which played continually, performed in more measured time, and a nautch-girl advanced into the avenue and commenced her peculiar and most absurd movements. She was a star in her profession, receiving two hundred rupees per night for her services, which she expended in procuring jewels to adorn her person. I will describe her costume, which for richness certainly astonished us. Upon her head she wore a circular crowned cap of gold tissue, in which diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and pearls were ingeniously and thickly placed. Her hair was braided and fell in thick plaits down her back, the ends fringed with gold thread, upon which were strung beads of Oriental pearls. The upper portion of her body was covered with a tight-fitting waist of blue silk, over which was a red cloth fly—both waist and fly heavily embroidered with gold. From her waist hung a blue silk skirt, embroidered in stripes, representing a running vine, which reached to the bend of the knee; beneath was a pair of Turkish trowsers of gold tissue. Her ankles were covered with silver bells, and upon her feet were Oriental slippers with a large emerald, surrounded by brilliants, upon each instep. Her arms were naked to the shoulders, with a broad armlet set with jewels above each elbow. In her left nostril was a gold hoop of such dimensions that it reached to her chin; a broad crescent upon the inside of the circle was set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. Long jeweled pendants were in her ears; and across her forehead, drooping over her temples upon each side, a golden fringe strung with pearls. Her waist was encircled with a broad gold band, with a cluster of emeralds and



A FAUTOH DANCE.

diamonds in the center. Upon every finger she wore one or more jewels. Her age, I was told, was sixteen. Her dancing was peculiar—advancing with a step similar to the “minuet de la cœur,” the bells tinkling at every motion, she stopped in front of each individual, twisted her arms, hands, and body, and rolled her eyes, thus expressing in pantomime the passions of love, anger, fear, sorrow, etc.—the actions combined forming a little romance.

She was a keen observer of character, and took occasion to have revenge upon three or four of the European ladies present who treated her with disdain. This was particularly apparent in the case of one who was conspicuously jealous-minded. The gesticulations of the girl before the lady's husband was construed by the wife into an expression of love for her spouse, and she betrayed her foolish jealousy by rudely motioning the dancer to be gone. The girl, without giving evidence that she noticed the intended insult, continued her course down the avenue, occasionally pausing and singing the verse of a song in a rich, mellow tone. The jealous wife fanned herself impatiently, tapped her foot upon the floor, and cast angry glances at her husband. When the girl returned she again stopped in front of the husband, and cast down her eyes modestly, then raising them looked tenderly in his face, placed her hands upon her heart, as if to subdue the rising emotion, and turned her gaze slowly upon the wife, who appeared very uneasy and scowled at her. “Ah, no!” the girl expressed in pantomime, “his heart is another's, and nought is left me but despair; my poor heart is broken.” With a heavy sigh she turned away, proceeded a short distance with tottering steps—paused—raised her hands with determination, her eyes expressing the most intense passion. “No! I will not give him up!” and rushing towards him, clasped her hands imploringly, begging him to have pity upon her. “Am I never again to gaze upon this face?” here she touched him under the chin; the wife in her excitement broke her fan into a dozen pieces. “I will not resign you! I will become your slave! I will lay down my life for you! Oh, give me some ray of hope.” Observing the nosegay which he held: “A red rose! emblem of love! give it to me!” extending her hand for it. The poor fellow was so confused that he scarce knew what he was doing. He presented it to her; she seized it, pressed it to her lips, and hid it in her bosom. “Oh, rapture! he loves me!” Seizing his hand she kissed it. His wife bounced as if she had been hoisted by a petard. We were convulsed with laughter. The girl's eyes twinkled with merriment. She continued her course.

“Vinie,” whispered the General to his wife, “she is a brilliant! is she not? I am going to offer her *my* nosegay; *you* don't mind, do you?”

“Not at all,” replied Mrs. S.; “she *is* a brilliant, but very much off color.”

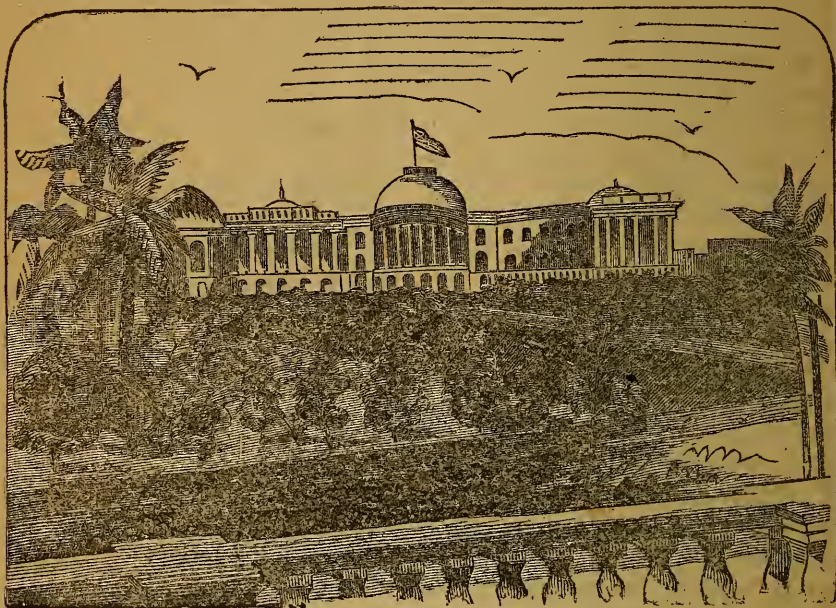
When the girl approached the General, he handed her his nosegay, which contained a white rose; she took it, and gave a quick, keen

glance at Mrs. S., who nodded her head and smiled ; with a significant action expressing that the white rose was an emblem of purity, and that it would befit Mrs. S. to wear it, the girl threw it in her lap, and seizing her hand, kissed it ; then giving a mischievous look at the jealous wife who was Caudleizing her husband, produced the red rose, pressed it to her lips, and darted behind the musicians, laughing merrily.

I unintentionally committed not only a breach of etiquette, but also of social law. I have before spoken of the positive seclusion of the married ladies. Our host took great pride in his wealth and associations ; he had accumulated much money during the American war by shipping East India cotton to England. He pointed out, and afterward introduced to us, several of his guests in whose presence he felt honored. Here was "Prince Oomduth-ood-Dowlah-Khan-Bahadoor," son of "His Highness the Prince of Arcot ;" there was "His Highness Carela Vurmah," brother of the "Maharajah of Travancore ;" before us, "His Highness Wudayer-Reve-Nabee-yah-Jung," nephew of the "Maharajah of Mysore," etc., etc. After the infant, in whose honor the festivities were given, had been exhibited to us, and we were about to depart, our host said he would like to introduce the little ladies to his wife. I acquiesced, and he led them through an apartment luxuriously furnished into an inner room, the door of which they left ajar. I accompanied them into the first apartment, and while I stood admiring some very curious articles of Indian manufacture, Minnie opened the door, and called out : "Mr. Bleeker, come and look at these beautiful armlets." Unthinkingly, I stepped into the room, and came face to face with the wife. There were four attendants present. She was a large, noble-looking woman, a fitting companion for her husband. Her arms naked to the shoulders, as customary, were encircled above the elbows with half a dozen armlets. She had removed two of the largest, and handed them to the ladies to examine. One of them contained a diamond of great size, and Minnie placed it in my hands to look at. I returned it to the wife, who with a smile accepted it. Observing a terrible frown upon the face of one of the attendants, it suddenly occurred to me that I was standing within a sacred precinct. I quietly withdrew ; but the attention of the others was so entirely engrossed with the little ladies that I do not think, for the time at least, they realized a man was present. Upon my return home I mentioned the circumstance of my intrusion to "Sundahram ;" he gravely remarked that no doubt his friend considered I had innocently offended, and consequently overlooked it. Had it been an intentional offence, his honor would demand a recompense—my life would have been in peril ; he advised me at all events to keep silent upon the subject. Our host was a liberal-minded man, and, like himself, from contact with Europeans, had become progressive, and he hoped that the laws of caste, which compelled their wives to live secluded, would be removed, and that they could enjoy the same privileges which European ladies

possessed ; still he looked for the coming generation to break through the barrier ; it was necessary first to educate them, and their wives were past the time of life to receive instruction.

" Were we," continued he, " to introduce our wives to society, they would be like wooden images, unable to express a thought, and totally unfit to sit in company with a European. They have been taught nothing, for learning was not required by females in their situation ; but we are now educating our daughters, and I hope, if not our daughters, at least our granddaughters, will be capable mentally, and have the privilege socially, of entertaining their husband's male friends and acquaintances."



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

On the 17th December we sailed in the Peninsular and Oriental steamship "Mooltan," and arrived at the mouth of the Hoogly River at 6 A.M. on the 21st. After embarking a pilot, we proceeded to Calcutta, the beautiful capital of British India. From Garden Reach, a considerable distance below the city upon the right, the river bank is laid out in large gardens with a beautiful mansion in the center. At the head of Garden Reach the first view is obtained of Fort William, which occupies the southwestern quarter of Calcutta. It was constructed by Lord Clive, shortly after his famous victory at Plassy, in 1757. It is capable of holding sixteen thousand troops. Next north of Fort William is the Esplanade, intervening between the fort and Government House (a beautiful building which stands in the southern or European portion of the city). Chowringhee, immediately to the eastward of the fort, is the fashionable quarter, and is filled with the

residences of European and native merchants who live in true Oriental splendor. The northern portion is the native town composed of narrow streets, or rather lanes, with mean, crowded, and dirty shops and dwellings.

"The Thieves' Bazaar" is well worthy a visit, and the knowing Europeans resort to it for the purpose of making cheap purchases. Almost everything may there be obtained, from a string of beads or smaller trifles to jewels worth a king's ransom. It is useless to attempt a visit in the expectation of seeing its peculiarities without the company of a native guide, generally found in the person of your own servant. The lanes and passages are most intricate, and lined with shops. The request, "If you do not see the article you want, ask for it," may be here very aptly preferred, provided your guide is of the right stamp. We gratified our curiosity by making a tour of the "Bazaar" under the guidance of our head-servant, who gladly took us where we could see the richest articles, in the hope, no doubt, that we would purchase, as then the fellow would receive a commission. We entered narrow doorways, ascended steep stone steps, crossed roofs hidden from observation by walls built high above them—thus progressing hundreds of feet—descending into the interior of houses, emerging into narrow lanes to disappear again into other narrow doorways with the repetition of ascending and descending. As regards seeing "wonderful sights," it was not a barren progress. Mounting upon a roof we saw a withered old man lying in the sun and dozing. In an angle of the wall surrounding the roof, a room was built eight feet square, having a door three feet high securely fastened with a stout padlock. Our guide addressed him, and after a lengthy parley in their native tongue the old man slowly arose, took a large key from his bosom, and unlocked the door. I followed him into the room; but he became so excited, repeating the words, "Chale-jao! Chalejao! Har-se-nikle!" (Go away! Go away! Get out of the house!) so vehemently, as he pushed me towards the door, that I retreated through the opening. I had remained, however, sufficiently long to enable me to obtain a good view of the interior. It contained a mat, three bamboo-chairs, and a few simple cooking-utensils—nothing which revealed a place of concealment. He presently brought out the stools, and offered them as seats for the ladies. He then disappeared, looking back with suspicious glances, as if he feared I would again follow him, and returned with a box which, when he opened, astonished us with the size, beauty, and variety of the gems it contained, ranging in value from fifty to five thousand rupees. Our guide asked me if we wished to purchase. I replied, "No!" The old man, who narrowly watched our countenances, instantly closed the box, retreated, returned, took the stools hastily from the ladies, placed them in the room, locked the door, concealed the key, and then stretching himself upon the roof, remained perfectly indifferent to our presence. The uninitiated would never imagine so much wealth was concealed in that room, or that the

decrepit old man whose lease of life had apparently long since expired, and who retained his breath only upon sufferance, possessed the key to it.

It was a query with us—when he died, who would inherit?

“Has he a wife or family? brother or sister?” inquired I of our guide.

“No!” replied he.

“Who will get possession of those jewels?”

“Much will go to the Musjid,” replied he; “he is a Moham-medan.”

“And the rest?”

“He lives in the Thieves’ Bazaar,” answered he; which implied, I presume, that the fraternity of thieves would become the inheritors.

“Come with me,” said our guide, “and I will show you where your watch, your ring, your plate, or any article of gold or silver which may be stolen from you, will be sure to go beyond recovery.”

Continuing our course as before up and down stairs and over roofs, we descended into an alley with shops upon each side, in all of which fires were lighted, and natives busily at work melting the precious metals, and making chains, rings, armlets, etc. If an article be stolen, the most expert detective cannot recover. The thief runs with it to the Bazaar, and your watch-case, if your watch be the article stolen, is immediately fashioned into chains, etc., and the works destroyed beyond recognition, although you may closely follow him.

Our entertainments were given in the Town Hall, and were fully attended. The late lamented viceroy, Lord Mayo, and family, took especial interest in the little people.

We remained in Calcutta until the 8th January, 1871, when we started upon our overland trip to Bombay.

CHAPTER X.

OUR first stopping-place was Jumal pore, on the line of the Great Eastern Indian Railway, three hundred miles from Calcutta. It lies at the foot of Monghyr Hills. The road thence passes through a richly cultivated country, intersected with numerous rivers, over all of which good, substantial, and in many cases elegant stone and iron bridges are constructed. I have observed that all the bridges I have seen in India are of superior design and workmanship. Upon either hand extensive rice-fields, intermixed with betel-nut and katal (a species of bread-fruit) plantations present themselves. The surface of the country is undulating.

About two hundred miles from Calcutta are the Three Hills, which form the northeast face of a group of hills stretching a vast distance to the south. These hills are volcanic. One of them sends forth a smoke, and at night is quite luminous. Wood thrown upon the rock will flame. After passing the Kurruckpore and Monghyr Hills, the line enters a tunnel nine hundred feet long, on emerging from which the Jumal pore Station is in view. The town was once an insignificant native village, but the railway company have built extensive locomotive works, and employ about five hundred Europeans, for whose families they have erected neat and substantial dwellings, laid out streets and squares, and formed a municipal government—the original native village being embraced within its precincts. The hills abound with tigers, hyenas, and jackals; the jackals were prowling around our bungalow in numbers, “making night hideous” with their frightful bark. A short time before we arrived, a large tiger was killed near the outskirts of the town.

About half a mile from the hotel is the grave of Mr. Roberts, formerly a railway employé, who lost his life in an encounter with one of those animals. For several years the brute had been a scourge to the natives, as he frequently entered the town at night, and carried off a victim. Mr. Roberts succeeded in killing the beast, but subsequently died from wounds received. Comparatively speaking but a short time since, a European was walking with his wife within the town limits, a native milkman was upon the opposite side, when to

their horror they saw a large tiger spring from the bushes beside the road, seize the native, and carry him off to the hills. You may imagine the effect these tales would have upon the "little people."

As no vehicle could be obtained, we were compelled to walk to and from the hall, a distance of over half a mile, every night—a dreary, lonesome walk, the bungalows being a couple of hundred yards apart and standing back from the road, and scarcely a single soul to be met with. Occasionally a native would hurry by, with his cat-like step not hearing (from his being bare-footed) or seeing him until he was close upon us, causing the "little folks" to start and cling closer than ever to myself and wife. It amused me that the "General" insisted upon carrying the "Commodore's" Irishman's stick—certainly in his hands a formidable weapon against a tiger!

After leaving Jumalpoore the road skirts the hills for thirty or forty miles, then across a plain to Dinapore. There is nothing particularly interesting to be seen at this place. It is a dirty native town, four hundred and eight miles from Calcutta. About fifteen miles from Dinapore the line crosses the Soane river upon a famous bridge, nearly one mile in length. There are twenty-eight spans of one hundred and fifty feet each.

Benares was our next stopping-place. A branch road running from Mogul Serai conveyed us to Rajghat Station (six miles); from Rajghat we crossed to the city upon a bridge of boats. The Holy City of Benares is situated on the River Ganges, which is here about six hundred yards in width. During the rainy season it rises at least forty feet inundating the surrounding country for miles. The city is of great antiquity, and was originally known by the name of Kshatra, derived from the first Rajah who reigned—it is supposed B. C. 1600. It extends three miles along the river, and one mile back, and is built upon a cliff eighty feet high. Some of the buildings are quite lofty, and are the palaces of wealthy Indian princes, who make periodical visits to the city to purge themselves of sins contracted in less holy habitations. Above the palaces tower the gilded domes and minarets of the mosques and temples (there are over three hundred mosques and one thousand temples). The streets are narrow and swarming with people; the shops are filled with strange merchandise, conspicuous amongst which is the "kincob" and "gold brocade," in the manufacture of which the city is famous. At almost every turn may be seen holy bulls and sacred shrines.

If a person does not procure an elephant, he must traverse the streets upon foot, as they are too narrow to admit of vehicles passing. We used a "gharry" (a one-horse vehicle) in the wide streets, and "footed" it through the narrow ones, as we wished to stop and examine the interior of the shops. Within the city there are two celebrated temples—the first called Doorga Khond, dedicated to the Hindoo goddess, Doorga, also known as the Monkey Temple, a lofty pyramidal-shaped building; the lines being broken by numerous turrets covered

with elaborately carved figures of animals, sacred in the Hindoo mythology. It stands in a quadrangle surrounded by an open colonnade. Crowds of worshipers flock to it daily.

The great attraction to the curious, however, is in the immense number of monkeys (over two thousand) crowding the temple, some of them of enormous size. They were running, grinning, and chattering upon all sides. I purchased a quantity of "koe" (native grain), and gave it to the priests, who scattered it upon the pavement, and with a peculiar cry called the monkeys to feed. They speedily gathered in hundreds until we were completely surrounded. Whether they felt the holy influence of the place I cannot say, but I observed there was no quarreling; every countenance beamed with kindness; the larger ones, however, succeeded in reaching the spots where the grain was most plentifully strewn, to the entire exclusion of the smaller; but this no doubt was unintentional upon their part—the impulse of weight alone carrying them forward. A kind consideration for their weaker neighbors caused them a moment after to give place—*after they had disposed of the grain!* Their conduct throughout, however, was a favorable contrast to that of our fellow-passengers upon the railway, whenever we stopped at a refreshment station. As we were about to depart, a crowd of priests approached, each one holding out a hand and crying, "Buck-sheesh." Everywhere in India, a European is assailed with the cry "Buck-sheesh!" If one of them lifts your trunk, with one hand he will receive his fee, and immediately hold out the other for "Buck-sheesh." He will persistently follow you, and not he alone, but a dozen others whom you have not employed will join in the cry until you give a trifle.

A mile from the Doorga Khond is the temple of Bisheshwar, dedicated to Shiva, the Hindoo god. It is commonly known as the Golden Temple, and is located in the most crowded part of the city. It consists of three rooms raised upon a stone platform, and crowned with three domes, two of which are overlaid with gold. In each room is a "Mahadeo," a stone cylinder rising from a basin sunk in the floor. The "Mahadeo" is the deification of the creative principle. The worship consists in throwing rice, flowers, grain, etc., upon the stone, which is immediately after washed off by the attendant priest with a stream of Ganges water. No one is allowed to enter the inner temple (containing the god Shiva) the doors of which are silver. I, however, stepped within its portals, and took a good survey of the god—a large, hideous stone idol, closely resembled by the pictures of it in our school-books. Together with a number of smaller idols, before all of which devotees were worshipping, there were about thirty sacred bulls and cows, with garlands of flowers and shells around their necks, quietly feeding, attended by priests. With the crowd of dirty, half-naked worshipers, the drenched floors, and the filth of the animals, it is rendered a far from desirable place for a summer resort. For cleanliness and smell, I would prefer a stable-yard.



THE GOLDEN TEMPLE.

Before entering the temple, I observed our guide removing his shoes. I asked him whether we must do the same—one glance from where we stood being sufficient to decide the matter of entrance in our minds if required so to do. His reply was, "Hindoo do! Englishman no do!" We "no doo'd" and went in. An adjacent enclosure contains the sacred well, "Gyam Bapi," into which flows the water that has been poured over the "Mahadeo," in the adjoining temple. It is a filthy sink covered with a stone roof supported upon columns. Near it is another "well" equally foul, and the waters of which, it is believed, will wash away all sins, however heinous! We did not try it, preferring to retain our sinful garb until we reached a sweeter perfumed fountain. While in the city, amongst our distinguished visitors was the King of Benares, a very affable and benevolent-looking old gentleman. He invited us to visit his palace, seven miles distant; but for want of time, I was compelled to decline the invitation.

Early the next morning, shortly before starting for the train, we were surprised by the appearance at our bungalow of two enormous

elephants, one of them the largest I ever saw. The old king had sent these two favorite animals (he has a herd of sixty) for us to see and use if we so wished. They were covered with trappings, and had howdahs upon them. The largest one (the same used by himself when tiger-hunting, of which sport he is very fond) knelt. We all mounted; the mahout or driver caused him to arise, and we took a short ride through the street. Upon our return both animals went through quite a performance. I gave "buck-sheesh" to the mahouts. The elephants saluted by kneeling, flourishing their trunks in the air, giving a loud halloo, and then departed.

From Benares to Lahore, almost the entire country through which the railway passes, a distance of eight hundred miles, is an enormous plain, but well cultivated. Between Chunar and Mirgapore, however, about twenty miles from Benares, runs a short range of hills, ending in a rock rising abruptly from the river to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. Upon this rock, at its highest point, is a Hindoo palace in a good state of preservation. In a small square court belonging to the palace, overshadowed by a peepul tree, is a large slab of black marble, upon which, according to Hindoo belief, their god Sheva, descending from heaven to remain upon earth for twelve out of the twenty-four hours, appears himself personally but invisibly for nine hours, removing to Benares for the other three hours.

Our next stopping-place was Allahabad, before entering which the railway crosses the River Jumna upon a bridge 3,224 feet in length. Allahabad (the "City of Allah") is located upon a tongue of land formed at the confluence of the Ganges and Jumna rivers, and is considered by the Hindoos as the most sacred spot upon the earth—a locality where three rivers join—only two of these rivers being visible, the third supposed "to flow directly from heaven and end here, unseen by mortal eyes, to add its celestial waters." It is the Mecca of the Hindoos, and during the months of January and February at least a million pilgrims, from all parts of India, take their way on foot to bathe in the river and carry away with them some of the sacred waters. Along the road for miles we saw thousands of these pilgrims wending their way to the sacred spot; others, having completed the pilgrimage, were returning, carrying jars filled with water. All looked worn and emaciated—many having traveled a thousand miles, and still having to traverse the same distance to reach their homes. What a powerful faith must that be which can sustain through such trials and hardships!

When a pilgrim arrives at the bank of the river he sits down and has his head shaved, allowing the hairs to fall into the stream, the sacred writings promising him one million years' residence in Paradise for every hair thus deposited! After shaving, he bathes. The native barbers reap a rich harvest. Their charge for shaving is one rupee (about twenty cents). At any other time their fee is about one penny. What a golden opportunity for any enterprising New York barber, if the natives would allow foreigners to operate! The tonsorial operation is

peculiar. The barber and barbered squat like Turks upon the ground, facing and slightly inclined towards each other. The barber cuts with the edge of the razor away from himself, similar to whittling a stick. I should imagine it a very unpleasant proceeding, particularly to a nervous person. This gathering affords a fine opportunity for the native merchants to dispose of their merchandise, and they throng from all quarters and pitch their tents.

Before going upon the sacred ground we viewed it from the walls of the fort, and it certainly was a gay sight. It resembled an enormous fair. There are ten times as many sects and castes amongst the Hindoos as denominations amongst the Christians. Each caste is here represented by two or three priests, who assist the pilgrims in preparing for their devotions. They are all fat, jolly-looking fellows. Over their tents they have flags flying to distinguish them—no two are alike. One priest, it appeared to me, had made an attempt to copy the Stars and Stripes. His flag was certainly a very gorgeous affair, but scarcely correct if meant for a copy.

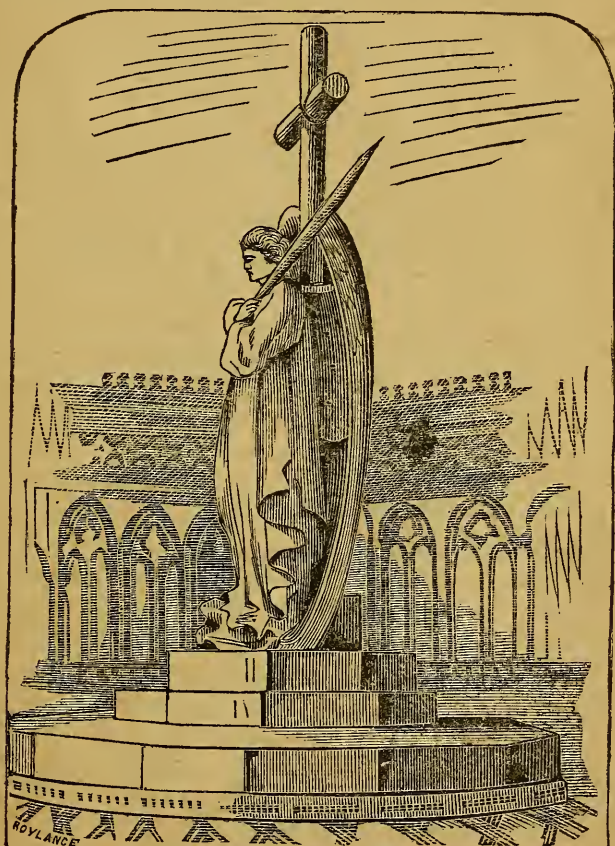
In passing through the camp to the bank of the river we were beset by a myriad of beggars—horrible deformities (they mutilate themselves for the purpose of creating sympathy). Lying upon all sides were religious enthusiasts (I forget the Hindoo name), cunning, lazy scoundrels, who paint their faces, cover their almost wholly naked bodies with ashes, and lie in the sun dolefully chanting. The pilgrims look upon them with reverence, and give them “buck-sheesh”—*that* is what the rascals are after. I fear I treated some of them rather irreverently.

The fort rises directly from the banks of the confluent rivers. It is one and a half miles in circuit, the walls composed of red sandstone. It was built by the great Akbar three hundred years ago, but has been somewhat modernized by its present masters. The lofty towers have been reduced, and the ramparts covered with turf. Its principal gate is surmounted by a dome, with a wide hall beneath, ornamented with rude paintings. In the middle of the fort stands a stone monolith forty-two feet high, upon which are two Sanscrit inscriptions. It is evidently of great antiquity. Under the fort is a temple entered by means of a sloping passage, containing hideous and obscene objects of Hindoo worship.

We next visited the “Kooshroo Gardens.” They are entered through a noble gateway sixty feet high and fifty feet deep. Within are three mausoleums of red sandstone, surmounted by marble domes, containing the remains of the Princess Chusera, Princess Purvez, and the Sultan Kooshroo, who was Akbar’s grandson. I ascended to the roof of the Sultan’s mausoleum.

From Allahabad we went to Cawnpore, seven hundred and forty-eight miles from Calcutta. It has a native population of fifty thousand. It was here that the most diabolical atrocities of the mutiny of 1857 were committed. A few words of the principal places worthy a visit from the melancholy interest attached to them:—“The Memorial Gar-

den" is a large spot of ground neatly laid out and beautifully kept, including the site of the Assembly Room, the building in which the foulest slaughter was perpetrated. The "Memorial" is erected over a deep well, into which the bodies of the victims were cast. It consists of a raised circular stone platform, upon which is placed a marble statue of a female draped figure with wings, the whole designed by Baron Marochetti. The figure is surrounded by a pierced marble octagonal-formed screen. Around the base of the statue the following words are cut in old English text:—"Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who, near this spot, were cruelly massacred by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhoondupunt of Bithoor, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."



THE MEMORIAL GARDEN.

It is supposed there were over six hundred victims to this terrible butchery. At the foot of the mound, upon each side, are inclosures containing the remains of others who perished. I plucked a green orig from beside a monument thus inscribed:—"Monument erected to the memory of the women and children of H. M. 32d Regiment, who

were slaughtered near this spot, 16th July, 1857. Erected by twenty men of the same regiment who were passing through Cawnpore, Nov. 21st, 1857."

About a mile from the garden, upon the spot where General Wheeler made an heroic but useless defence, stands a memorial church—a large and beautiful edifice. The well, which was outside the entrenchments, whence the besieged, with deadly peril, obtained their supply of water, still remains. General Wheeler, after a defence of twenty-one days, being exhausted and finding a longer defence useless, capitulated under promise of a safe conduct to his boats lying at the Ghat, a mile distant; but before reaching that point, he, with the remnant of his troops, together with the women and children who survived the first massacre and had taken refuge with him, altogether numbering one thousand souls, were murdered, only two escaping—Lieutenant Thomson and Private Murphy. Thomson's intellect is so shattered by the sufferings he endured at that time, that he can give no connected account of the affair. Private Murphy, now apparently an old man, and at present in charge of the garden, can only state what occurred within his own limited means of observation, being so intent upon his own escape. Almost the entire affair, therefore, is left to conjecture. About five hundred yards from the church is another inclosure, fifty feet square, in the center of which, surrounded by other monuments, stands a large marble cross with the following inscription upon the staff:

"In a well under this cross, were laid
By 'ye hands of their fellows in suffering,
'Ye bodies of men, women, and children,
Who died hard by during
'Ye heroic defence of Wheeler's entrenchments,
When beleagured by 'ye rebel Nana,
June 6th to 27th, A. D. 1857."

Upon the pedestal are these words:

"Our bones are scattered at 'ye grave's mouth,
As when one cutteth and cleaveth wood upon the earth,
But our eyes are unto the God the Lord.

PSALM CXLI."

No native is allowed to enter any of the inclosures without a permit from the authorities. As a proof of Nana Sahib's great treachery and cruelty, one week prior to the first massacre, he gave a ball at his palace in Bithoor (nine miles from Cawnpore), invited, received, and entertained the principal citizens, thus lulling them into a sense of security. Seven days after, those very persons were butchered by his order, and their bodies thrown into the well! Shortly after, about two hundred and fifty European men, women, and children, upon delivering up their arms, received a pass from him to proceed in boats from his neighborhood, where they resided, to less disturbed districts; but he treacherously posted a party of his troops in a mosque located

upon the river's bank, two miles above the city, who fired upon them, killing more than one-half their number; the rest succeeded in reaching the Ghat, but only to meet a cruel fate—all were murdered. This affair is known as the third Cawnpore massacre. It is supposed Nana Sahib still lives, and is concealed somewhere in Bengal.

Lucknow is forty-two miles northeast from Cawnpore, connected with the latter place by a branch railway. It is located on the River Gomtee, which is here spanned by a stone bridge built 1780, and by a handsome iron one, lately brought from England. The present city occupies the site of sixty-four villages. The following are some of the buildings and localities we visited:

"The Martiniere" is a strange-looking building, of every style of architecture. It is adorned with enormous figures of lions with huge lamps instead of eyes, and statues of all the gods and goddesses of heathen mythology. It was built by Gen. Martine, who designed it as a palace, expecting to sell it to the reigning Nawab, Asf-o-dowla. The Nawab offered £1,000,000 for it, but before the bargain was completed, died. Gen. Martine also died before it was finished. He left funds to complete and endow it as a native school, and ordered his body to be buried in it as a precaution against any future ruler confiscating it. During the mutiny the rebels dug up his bones, but they were recovered and restored to their original resting-place. The interior of the building contains many handsome apartments, some with beautifully painted ceilings. Mr. Kellogg, Minnie, and myself, ascended to the very summit of the roof, and from thence obtained a splendid view of the city. We afterwards descended to the General's tomb, about twenty feet beneath the ground level. It consists of a neat marble sarcophagus raised upon a platform two feet high. Suspended from the dome of the vault, directly over the tomb, is a handsome silver chandelier, in which candles are placed and lighted at certain periods. The tomb bears the inscription: "Here lies the body of Claude Martine, born at Lyons, A. D. 1735. Who came to India a private soldier, and rose to the rank of Major General. Died A. D. 1800. Peace to his soul." In front of the building is a large tank, from the center of which rises a lofty column.

We next visited the Secunder Bagh ("Bagh" is Hindostanic for "garden"). It was laid out by Wajah Ali Shah, who gave it to his favorite wife, Secunder Muhul, whence it derives its name. Its fame arises from the retribution that here overtook 2,000 rebels at the "Relief of Lucknow." We were accompanied in our visit by a participant in the many battles. He walked over the ground and pointed out the various positions of the antagonists. The garden is surrounded by an inner wall thirty feet high and one hundred and twenty yards square. Into this inclosure the Sepoys were driven. The soldiers, recalling the horrible massacres at Cawnpore, took full revenge. We entered through the same breach in the outer wall, and through the same narrow gate leading into the inclosure. The walls and grounds are in

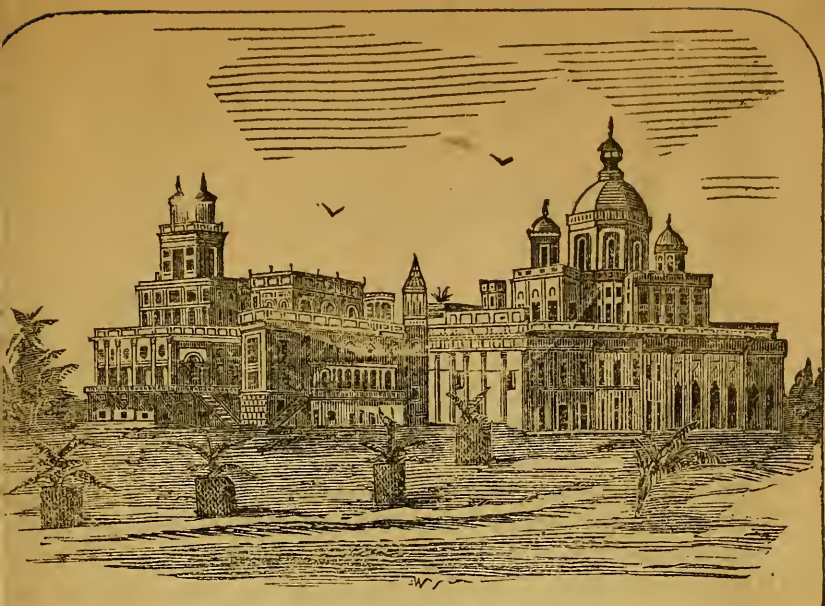
the same state as at the conclusion of the fight. The bodies of the rebels lie buried beneath the garden and beside the wall.

The "Nujuf Ashruf" is the tomb of the first king of Oude—Ghazee-ood-deen Hyder. It derives its name from Nujuf, the hill upon which the tomb of Ali, the son-in-law of Mahomet, is built; of which tomb this building is said to be a copy. In the center, beneath the lofty dome, repose the remains of the king. The tomb was covered with a richly embroidered cloth. There is a large establishment of priests in the building, the king having left a large fund for their provision. There are several series of miniature pictures of the kings of Oude and their favorite wives, suspended at the entrance. It was before this tomb that Sir Colin Campbell met with the severest opposition in the "relief." The whole exterior of the building bears the marks of shot and shell. As we departed we were beset with the whole army of priests, crying, "Buck-sheesh!"

The Kaiser Bagh was the great work of the present ex-king of Oude. He is now a state prisoner, three miles from Calcutta. We had an interview with his son, and permission from government to visit his palace; but the permit came too late for us to avail ourselves of it. It was begun in 1848 and finished 1850, at a cost of £800,000. I have not space to give a detailed description of it. Within the walls are the Palace, the Harem, the Chouboukee, the Cheenie Bagh, and the Kaiser Pusund. The latter building is surmounted by a gilt semi-circle and hemisphere. In the under stories were confined, and from thence taken to be massacred, the captives sent to the king of Oude during the mutiny, by the Rajahs of Dhomera and Methowle.

Nearly opposite the Kaiser Bagh is the Tarawalli Kothi or Observatory, now used by the Bank of Bengal. The space in front is the spot where the before-mentioned captives were killed. A memorial has been erected, upon which is inscribed the names of the sufferers. The Chutter Munzil was the Harem of Nuseer-ood-deen Hyder. It takes its name from the gilt umbrellas (Chutters) with which it is adorned. It was built in 1827. A portion of the building is now used as club-rooms; another portion is fitted up as a theatre, which we used for our entertainments. The adjoining palace, the Furhud Bux (the Giver of Delight), was occupied as such from 1732 until the Kaiser was built. It is now used as a post-office.

The Residency is the spot where for five months a brave little band held out against fifty times their own number. It was then a large three-storied building occupied by Her Majesty's representative, who was called the Resident. There are several other buildings within the inclosure, the wall of which is not over four feet high. The house at the gateway was the residence of Col. Bailey, the commandant of the military guard attached to the Residency. It is now known, from the many glorious deeds there performed, as the Bailey Guard Gate. The walls and all the buildings are allowed to remain in precisely the state they were in when the garrison was relieved, as mementos of



THE CHUTTER MUNZIL.

ic events which there occurred. But the garden has been neatly
id out. To the mind of an observer, it would naturally occur, from
e weak position occupied by the besieged, that a few hours would
ave sufficed, with such overpowering numbers, to place the assailants
possession; but being very cowardly, and having no proper leaders,
e rebels adopted the safer policy to them, of keeping at a convenient
stance, and reducing the besieged by starvation and casualties from
e incessant shower of shot and shell they poured into the inclosure.
ccasionally, under cover of darkness, they made an assault upon the
te, but were always repulsed by the Bailey Guard. All the build-
gs are in a terribly shattered condition, and there is a melancholy
ory connected with almost every spot. Here are the remains of the
ortico, in the fall of which twenty soldiers of the small garrison were
lled. At the northeast angle of the Residency is a room with this
scription upon a marble tablet set in the wall:

"In this room was wounded Sir Henry Lawrence, by a piece of shell,
the 27th July, 1857."

He expired three days afterwards. He was a brother of the Resi-
ent, Sir John Lawrence. Descending about twenty steps beneath the
ain floor, we entered the cellars where the women, children, and sick
ere driven for refuge from the storm of shot, and where so many of
em died. That the locality may not be forgotten, there is a tablet
scribed:—"Tykana, Quarters of the Women of H. M. 32-3."

At a distance of five or six rods from the building, in an exposed
uation, is the well. As the rebels knew it was the only available
pply of water for the garrison, they kept a continual and concentrated

fire upon it. Many a soldier's life was sacrificed in going to or returning from it. The bravest of the women sometimes ventured. Adjoining the Residency is the churchyard, where those who perished during the siege lie buried. It contains the remains of Sir Henry Lawrence, General Neil, Major Banks, and many other prominent officers. The graveyard is in excellent order, but the church remains in its ruin state.

We next visited the Great Imambara—a splendid building standing in an inclosure approached through a magnificent gateway. It was built by Nawab Asf-O'-dowla, ninety years ago. The interior decorations were destroyed by the English troops at the taking of Lucknow. The building is now used as an arsenal. Upon one side of the court is a large mosque.

Closely adjoining the Great Imambara is the Hoseinabad Imambara built by Mohammed Ali in 1837. He buried his mother and directed also that his body should lie there, he leaving a fund of £180,000 to keep up its splendor. Their tombs are in the center of a handsome rotunda, and are covered with richly embroidered cloths. Flowers have been recently strewn upon them. Upon each side was a magnificent Bohemian-glass lamp, prism pendants. The attendant told me they cost £10,000. Upon one side was a high pulpit, with six ascending steps, all of solid silver. The garden contains a number of small buildings, one of which is a model of the celebrated Taj, at Agra, which I will hereafter make mention.

CHAPTER XI.



AFTER leaving Lucknow we returned to Cawnpore, remained over night, and early the next morning proceeded to Delhi. While seated at supper we heard a terrible outcry—dogs barking, apparently women screaming, and upon running out to ascertain the cause, saw a bright light. We thought the village was in flames, but soon ascertained that the jackals had made a raid upon it, and the natives were driving them out by building fires and attacking them with dogs.

Along the road on either hand, as we proceeded upon our journey, were visible ruins of old temples, mosques, etc. Others in good condition and now in use. Troops of wild deer, antelope, monkeys, and flocks of birds of beautiful plumage, abounded. Trains of elephants and camels were so numerous that we no longer regarded them with curious eyes.

Modern Delhi or Shahjehanabad was built by Shah Jehan about the middle of the 17th century. It is inclosed by a wall of red granite, having twelve gates, and a number of fine turrets. Before the present city was built, Delhi occupied various sites within an area of forty-five miles; most of this space is now covered with ruins. The present is the ninth city bearing the name. The original one was built by Rajah Dhilu, supposed B. C. 57. There is a tradition that when the first city was built, a column was erected in commemoration, bearing an inscription to the effect that if it were removed ever after, the city itself would never remain stationary. Some doubting emperor removed the column, and hence the result!

Ten miles south, and in view of the city, is the celebrated Kotub Minar, the highest pillar in the world. It is two hundred and thirty-eight feet high, and built in stories. Originally there were seven, five now remain. Its history is written upon it. About two miles outside the Delhi gate of the present city is a stone pillar called Feroz Shah's Lat. It rises from the terraced roof of a ruined palace. It is a highly polished shaft, without joint, of pink sandstone, and measures forty feet in height, and ten feet four inches in circumference. It is two thousand two hundred years old. There are two lengthy inscriptions upon it, comprising the edicts of Asoka, promulgated B. C. 300. The alphabetical characters are the oldest yet found in India. The longest inscription ends with the sentence, "Let this religious edict be engraved on stone pillars and stone tablets that it may endure forever."

The Hindoo tradition is that this, with another great stone, were the walking-sticks of their shepherd God. Their theory was that if left undisturbed where the God had left them (they were originally standing at Meerut) they would endure forever; but an attempt at removal would cause them to break. The Emperor Feroz Shah, to test the truth of the tradition, ordered their removal, and that this one be set up in its present position. It is broken at the top, having lost about thirty feet from that portion. We spent some time examining and admiring it for its authentic antiquity.

Another Delhi (or rather the ruins of it) which we visited, was built 1350, it lasted one hundred years, and is said to have contained in its palmy days half a million inhabitants. A stone pillar like the one I have described—evidently its mate—lies broken into two pieces upon the hill near the ruined palace. The fort and palace of the present city is inclosed by a lofty wall with two gates. The Lahore gate is a large Gothic arch surmounted by a tower. This arch admits you into a court-yard containing buildings, a few of which I will describe :



NATIVE BULLOCK CART.

The Dewan A'am, or Hall of Audience, is raised upon a white marble platform four feet high. It is open upon three sides, the roof supported upon rows of stone pillars adorned with gilding and stucco-work. Upon the closed side is a marble staircase leading to a throne ten feet high, covered with a canopy supported upon four white marble pillars—the whole curiously inlaid. Behind the throne is a doorway through which the emperor entered from his private apartments. The entire wall behind the throne is covered with mosaic work, done in precious stones, of beasts, birds, fruits, and flowers. In front of the throne is a large white marble slab, formerly richly inlaid, but now despoiled of its more precious jewels; the less valuable stones still remain, such as agate, carnelian, jasper, malachite, etc.

The Dewan Khass is a building that was set apart for the reception of the nobility. It is a beautiful pavilion of white marble, the roof and domes of which are supported upon massive columns of the same material, all of which, with the connecting arches, are richly inlaid. Between each pillar is a balustrade of marble carved in beautiful designs of perforated work. In this hall stood the famous Peacock Throne, so called from having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails expanded, and so inlaid with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, and other precious stones, as to represent the life-colors. Between the two peacocks stood the life-size figure of a parrot carved

out of a single emerald. The cost of the throne is stated to have been £6,000,000! It was despoiled by the Persians, under Nadir Shir, A. D. 1739. All that now remains is the marble base upon which the throne stood; this alone is very handsome. In the cornice at each end of the hall is sculptured in letters of gold, in Persian characters, these words:—"If there is a Paradise upon earth, it is this! it is this!! it is this!!!"

Near the Dewan Khass is the Pearl Mosque, used by the royal family, built of white marble beautifully inlaid. The king's and queen's baths are elegant marble structures. All the buildings are surmounted by domes and pavilions of white marble.

The Jumma Musjid, the largest and most famous mosque in the East, stands outside the walls of the fort. It is built upon a rocky eminence, and has three entrances through handsome gateways of red sandstone, approached by magnificent flights of steps. The gates, which are of brass, open into a quadrangle paved with blocks of red sandstone. In the center is a large reservoir of water. Upon the west side stands the mosque, two hundred feet long and one hundred feet broad, surmounted by three splendid cupolas of white marble, with spires of copper richly gilt. The front of the building is partly faced with white marble, and along the cornice are panels inlaid with inscriptions in black marble, giving an account of the sums expended in its erection, names of overseers, etc. The interior is paved with slabs of white marble with black border, three and a half feet long, one and a half feet wide. Upon these the faithful kneel, facing the Kibla, the place indicating the direction of Mecca. There are ninety of these slabs, each designed for one person, but upon many occasions two are compelled to occupy the same slab. The mosque is flanked by two minars, composed of white marble and red sandstone in vertical strips. They are one hundred and thirty feet high. From the pavilion upon the top of one, a call to prayer was made while we stood beside it. Directly opposite the mosque, upon the same platform, is a large building occupied during their worship by the emperor's wives, he entering through and crossing the court-yard, from thence to the mosque. The sides of the terrace are inclosed by a colonnade running from the mosque to the emperor's building upon both sides, ornamented at each corner with an octagonal pavilion of white marble.

This splendid pile of buildings was commenced and finished during Shah Jehan's reign, A. D. 1629-58. A portion of the square in the northwest angle is partitioned off by a beautifully carved white marble screen, beyond which are several rooms containing sundry relics. We saw the following, and our curiosity prompted us to handle them. Their genuineness is not for me to question. There they are, and the faithful followers of the prophet believes.

First, then, is the sandal once worn by Mahomet. It is preserved in sandal-wood shavings. If time has not caused it to decay, the prophet certainly obtained all the wear he possibly could out of it before he cast it aside.

Next we examined a block of marble, eighteen by twelve inches in diameter, brought from Medina near Mecca. It bears a deep imprint of the Prophet's foot upon it. They told me the stone became as wax under his foot when he stepped upon it. I afterwards saw half a dozen similar stones in the Museum at Agra. Judging from the foot-print he would have required a No. 16 sandal to fit him. His foot had evidently grown since he had worn the sandal we saw.

Next was exhibited the first chapter of the Koran, written upon

parchment by his son-in-law. Next, the second chapter, written by his grandson. Next, the entire Koran, brought from Mecca five hundred years ago by Tamerlane. I turned over its leaves, but, of course it was all a mystery to me. Next, a richly embroidered silk cover placed upon the great Prophet's tomb six hundred years ago by the Sultan of Turkey. Lastly, and the most wonderful of all, a hair of Mahomet's beard. It was preserved in a small glass box, attached to the lid by a little seal—a solitary black hair about three inches long. I took hold of one end of the box to scrutinize it closely. The attendant held firmly to the other. After giving "buck-sheesh" we departed impressed with a sense of importance in the knowledge that we had seen and handled such remarkable relics.

We next visited the tomb of the Emperor Humagon—a massive building of red sandstone, inlaid with white marble, and surmounted by a fine dome, directly beneath which is a marble sarcophagus containing his remains. He died about the middle of the sixteenth century. In four adjoining rooms are the tombs of his wives and relatives. About a mile from Humagon's tomb is the sixty-four pillared hall of white marble. The pillars support twenty-five domes. A beautifully pierced marble screen encloses it, but it is broken in several places. A short distance to the west are various other tombs forming a small cemetery, and called the Graves of the Saints. The tomb of Nizain-o-deen is a handsome affair. A cut marble screen encloses the grave, which is always covered with a cloth. The present one is figured silk, red and green the predominating colors. At the head of the grave is a stand upon which is the Koran. He lived in the fourteenth century. His memory is held in great reverence, and crowds annually visit his tomb. The guide related several incidents of his life, which, if true, proved him not quite a saint.

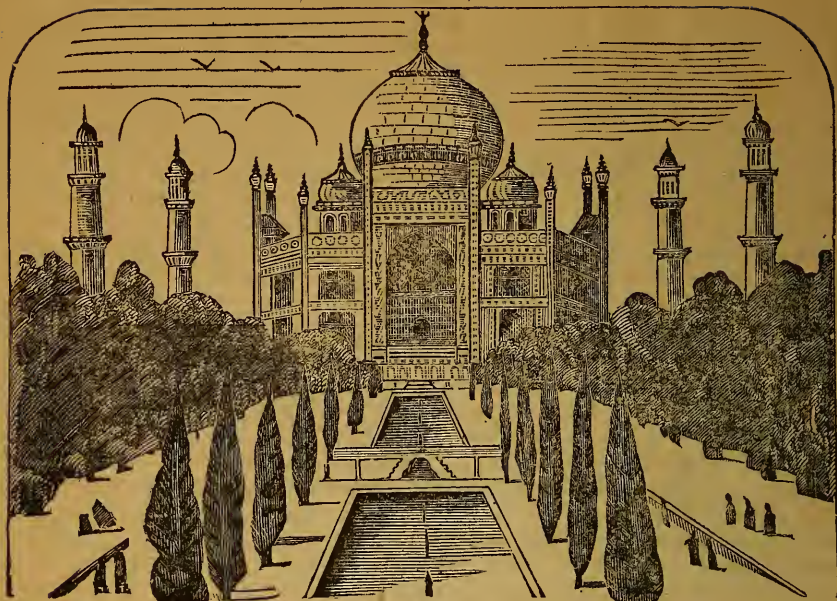
Adjoining are tombs of the poet Khusroo (the author of the Arabian Nights), erected A. D. 1350, and of Mirza Jehangrie who died 1837. He was the son of Akbar II., and killed himself drinking "Hoffman's cherry brandy!" He considered it the only liquor worth drinking but complained that it made him drunk too soon. To prolong his pleasure he used to limit himself to one glass each hour until he got dead drunk. This fact is related by those who knew the Prince during his lifetime at Allahabad, where he resided. Directly opposite is the tomb of Jehenara Beguw, daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan and a most estimable princess. Her father presented her during his reign with a handsome marriage portion, but she declined marrying and expended her wealth in building an elegant mosque (which was visited). It is supposed that she was poisoned by her sister. The tomb of the Princess is shaped like the others surrounding it, but has no slab upon the top, its place being covered with turf according to her own request. At the head of the grave is a stone with an inscription in Persian, composed, it is said, by herself. It is translated as follows:

"Let no rich canopy cover my grave;
This grass is the best covering for the poor in spirit.
The humble, the transitory Jehenara; the disciple
of the holy men of Cheest,—
The daughter of the Emperor Shah Jehan buried
here 1092."

The allusion to Cheest, or Christ, is by many considered as a proof that she had been converted to Christianity.

Close to the cemetery is the Baoli or Well, the water of which is supposed to possess great healing qualities. It is forty feet square. There are a number of bathers, who, for a trifling sum, will leap from the dome of an adjoining mosque into the water below, a distance of nearly one hundred feet. There were nine who performed this feat for us. The water is icy cold, and immediately after emerging, the leapers collected around us, their frames shivering and teeth chattering, holding out their hands for "buck-sheesh." Several attempted the artful dodge of mixing in the crowd, then returning and holding out their hands a second time, thinking they would not be recognized. One fellow, whom I remembered from his having a deep scar upon his forehead, I detected making a grimace at his neighbor, expressive of the way he intended to deceive us. When he extended his hand I gave him a cuff for his "buck-sheesh."

From Delhi we visited Meerut, Umballa, and Lahore. Nothing of great interest at either of the places. At Lahore we visited the tomb of Bunjeet Singh, who was buried here about thirty years ago. It is very handsomely embellished. Lahore is over twelve hundred miles from Calcutta, and lies in the Punjab. From Lahore we returned and stopped at Agra, formerly called Akbarabad, the city of the great Akbar. The principal objects of interest are the Fort and Taj. The fort is surrounded by a wall sixty feet high, outside of which is a deep moat thirty feet wide. Upon each side of the gate, after crossing the moat bridge, is a very imposing range of buildings, flanked by tremendous towers. From the gate, a stone-paved ascent leads to a courtyard five hundred by three hundred and seventy feet, surrounded by arcades. Upon one side of the court-yard is the Judgment Hall, now used as an arsenal. In the center still stands Akbar's throne in a pavilion of white marble; below it an immense marble slab upon which he preferred sitting. Beyond the arsenal and overlooking the river is the monarch's palace. The rooms, the fountains, the tanks, the Bath of Mirrors (a splendid room inlaid with small pieces of looking-glass, the effect when illuminated being beyond conception), and the halls, are all in a good state of preservation. The pavilions, chambers, and corridors are of white marble inlaid. Many of the agate, carnelian and blood-stones have, however, been dug out of the leaves and blossoms of the work. All the staircases and windows still remain, excepting one leading to an open terrace, where Akbar sat upon great occasions upon his throne, a slab of black marble six feet square elevated about two feet upon columns. This throne is cracked entirely through, and has several red spots upon it. When Lord Ellenborough was governor-general of India, he sat upon it. Such a desecration caused it to crack and shed blood! So the guide informed me. Opposite is a smaller throne of white marble upon which the Emperor's jester sat. The staircase leading to this terrace has been replaced by a wooden one. Adjoining is a court-yard paved with blocks of white and black marble, forming a Pachisi-board—a game resembling draughts. But instead of using ivory pieces, Akbar and his wives trotted from square to square, as the moves were called. Within the fort is the Motee Musjid, or Pearl Mosque, built by Shah Jehan, A. D. 1650, a magnificent building having three domes of white marble with gilded spires. There is an underground passage leading from the palace to the Taj, over a mile distant, in which is a well—in which the Emperor, it is said, would drown his wives when weary of them. Two soldiers having been lost in it, the entrance to the passage is now bricked up.



THE TAJ.

The most wonderful building in the world is the Taj, built by Shah Jehan (who appears, from the many works bearing his name, to have devoted his time, wealth, and energy in the construction of magnificent temples, forts, mosques, and tombs). It is the mausoleum of his favorite wife, Noor Jehan, called the Light of the World. Twenty thousand men were employed seventeen years in its construction. It stands upon a raised platform of red sandstone, nine hundred and sixty-four feet long, and three hundred and twenty-nine feet wide, surrounded by an elegant garden. At each corner of the mausoleum is a white marble tower with kiosk. Two large mosques occupy the east and west sides of the platform. From this platform rises a white marble terrace three hundred and thirteen feet square, in the center of which stands this wonderful building. In form, it is an irregular octagon, each angle being surmounted by a splendid minaret. From the center of the roof, flanked at the four corners by light marble pavilions, rises the stupendous dome, seventy feet in diameter, and one hundred and twenty feet high, crowned by a gilt crescent. The entire height from the ground level to crescent is two hundred and sixty feet. It is built throughout of the purest white marble. At each corner of the marble platform is a beautiful minar one hundred and fifty feet high, surmounted by a cupola supported upon eight handsome pillars. Entering, we first descended to the vault where lie the remains of Noor Jehan. The only light is admitted through the door, but to enable us to see more clearly, the attendants lighted several candles. The Queen's tomb is in the center; beside, but a little elevated above hers, is the tomb of Shah Jehan. They are both of fine white marble inlaid with agate, carnelian, jasper, blood-stone, lapis lazuli, malachite, and other stones in floral designs. An octagonal screen of marble cut in open tracery of flowers, surrounds the tombs. The grand hall above is an immense rotunda, lighted from above and below by windows formed of pierced screens of marble. The monuments for display, an exact counterpart

of those below, are placed in this rotunda. There is a pure prolonged echo heard, when speaking under the lofty dome. The following inscription in Persian characters is upon the Queen's tomb:—"The splendid tomb of Unjeman Bunnoo Begum, whose title was Mantaz-i-Mahal, was made in 1040 of the Hijree." Upon the Emperor's tomb the following:—"The magnificent tomb of the King—inhabitant of the two heavens, Ridwun and Khool: the most sublime sitter upon the throne in Illeeyn—the starry heaven. Dweller in Firdos (Paradise) Shah Jehan Badsha Gazee, peace to his remains. Heaven is for him. His death took place the 26th day of Rujub, in the year 1076 of the Hijree (A. D. 1665). From this transitory world eternity has marched him off to the next."

Around all the arches, portals, windows, cornices, the dome, the walls, and passages, are inlaid chapters of the Koran, in black marble. This magnificent building must be seen to be appreciated—no description can adequately convey any idea of its beauty. It is worth a tour of the world to see. From Agra we returned to Allahabad, changed cars, and took the road for Jubbulpore. From the monotonous view of the plains, the scenery changes to broad valleys covered with verdure, and ridges of high land crowned by fantastic-shaped rocks. In many places the view is very fine, and so continues to this city. Game is plentiful. Spotted deer, antelope, pea-fowl, partridge, etc., seen in numbers, while tigers, leopards, hyenas, etc., abound in the jungles. Elephants are also numerous.

Jubbulpore is one thousand feet above the level of Allahabad, distant from that place two hundred and twenty-eight miles, and six hundred and fifteen miles from Bombay. A range of granite hills surround the city. It has a native population of fifty thousand, and contains a few good temples. From Jubbulpore we came direct to Bombay, there being no place along the road worth a visit.

We traveled over three thousand five hundred miles of the country. I shall ever pray to be delivered from being compelled to live in India. The climate is undesirable, the natives filthy, the food badly cooked. Servant hire is very cheap, five or six rupees (\$3) a month, and they find themselves. So every person has at least one; a family fifteen or twenty. Perhaps there may be some excuse for being lazy in the enervating nature of the climate. We have been through the country in the coolest and most favorable season.

CHAPTER XII.



ON Saturday, February 18th, 1871, we sailed in steamship Surat, and arrived at Aden on the 25th. Aden, situated on the south coast of Arabia, is 110 miles east of the entrance to the Red Sea. The promontory forms a high rocky eminence 1,800 feet above the level of the water. The promontory was purchased from the Arabs by the English government in 1830. The town is built upon the southeast side, in a deep hollow, the crater of an extinct volcano; high masses of rock rise around it. The native population is fifty thousand. It is garrisoned

by a large body of English troops. During our sojourn ashore we were continually beset by natives, who offered the finest ostrich feathers for sale. Leaving Aden, our course lay through the Straits of "Babel Mendeb" (the Gate of Tears), seventeen miles in width, and thence into the Red Sea, passing in view an island which is pointed out to tourists as the spot where Cain killed Abel. As for the authenticity of this statement, I do not vouch. Although called the Red Sea, it is *blue*, the most intense blue in its deepest part, merging into green as it approaches the shore. It derives its name from its being covered, inside the coral reefs which line the coast upon either side, with patches, from a few yards to many miles square, of a blood-red color, caused, as is affirmed, by a species of animalculæ. Passing in view of "Mocha" our glasses were in requisition to get a glance of the town whose name was associated in our minds with our breakfast-cups. Its houses, built of stone and whitened, gave it a glaring appearance in the sunshine. Stretching north, along the coast, is the arid and burning Tehama, backed by high mountains. Jiddah, the port of Mecca, is passed. Mecca, "the mother of towns," lies sixty miles to the eastward. Next northward lies Yambo-el-Bahr, the port of Medina, distant one hundred and thirty miles. Yambo is one of the gates of the Holy City. It lies in the caravan road from Cairo to Mecca; next north of Yambo are the smaller ports of Wej, Moilah, and Toor. At its northern extremity the Red Sea is divided into two gulfs, called Suez and Akaba, deriving their names from the small town of Suez and the fortress of Akaba, belonging to the Pasha of Egypt. Akaba also serves the purpose of a station for the caravans of pilgrims from Egypt and northern Africa. The peninsula included between the gulfs is rugged, mountainous, and perfectly sterile, and is called the Sinai Peninsula. It is the summit of one of these mountains which witnessed the delivery of the Law to Moses. By the aid of telescopes we caught a glimpse of it—its top partly veiled by thin, light clouds. Immediately at the foot of "Jabel Katrin," 8,600 feet high, adjoining Jabel Mousa, the sacred mount, 7,500 feet high, stands the celebrated "Convent of St. Catharines." The whole of the peninsula is inhabited by Bedouins, or wandering Arabs. The little seaport on the western shore, called Toor, is the only place on the whole Sinaitic Peninsula which may be called a town. Between Toor and Suez we crossed Pharaoh's Bay (Birket Faroun). Tradition names this as the place where the Egyptian host was overwhelmed by the sea. The gulf is very narrow, and generally rough, owing to the tides and its many counter currents—their action increased by the winds from the rocky clefts and valleys of the mountains upon both sides. There is a legend that on the anniversary of the destruction of the Egyptians a phantom army, horses, chariots, and soldiers, may be seen struggling in the water.

We arrived at Suez on the 4th March. It has a population of 7,000. The shops, bazaars, and markets are well supplied with merchandise, fruits, vegetables, clarified butter, wheat, corn, fowls, etc. The few European hotels are well kept. The defences, no longer required to keep out the Bedouins of the Sinai Peninsula, are in a ruined condition. The population embraces Europeans, Persians, Turks, Moors, Algerines, and Egyptians. Our entertainments were successfully given to representatives of all these nations.

Immediately upon the arrival of the steamer at Suez the passengers and mails, homeward bound, are forwarded per railway to Alexandria, distance two hundred and twenty-four miles. The engineers and drivers employed upon the road are Europeans, all others Arabs. A

branch road takes you to "Al Kahira," or Grand Cairo. Cairo is surrounded by walls, outside of which are beautiful gardens of palm-trees. The streets are narrow, many of them but ten or twelve feet wide, and numbers still more confined in appearance by the projecting stone copings and overhanging windows of fretted stone and carved wood. On all sides are open arches. As a relief to the narrow streets there are many large squares; the finest, the "Esbekijeb," lies in the center of the city. There are over three hundred and fifty mosques, many of them, however, in decay. Altogether Cairo, with its minarets and towers, its costumes, manners, and appearance correctly preserved, gives the stranger a vivid idea of a true Oriental city. Old Cairo, or Fostat, lies to the westward of the city, upon the banks of the Nile. Fostat and Boulak, the latter the port of the Egyptian capital, form the suburbs of "Cairo." Opposite, upon the western bank of the Nile, is the village of Ghizah. It is here that the tourist obtains the necessary conveyance, a donkey generally, for a visit to the Pyramids. It is necessary to cross a plain of seven miles before reaching the base of "Cheops," the great Pyramid.



EGYPTIAN LADY AND DONKEY DRIVER.

"Well, what are the Pyramids like? how grand they must be! and did you actually see them? how wonderful!"

And your friend's eyes gaze into your eyes, and then glance at your neighbor's eyes admiringly, expressing that your eyes—wonderful eyes!—were eyes to be admired by all eyes, for they were eyes that had looked upon the Pyramids. And how have you purchased this superior claim for admiration? After riding astride of a donkey for three hours, the rays of the sun melting you, and its reflection upon the sand almost blinding you, with an occasional elevation of the animal's heels when you attempt to urge him forward, and the cry of "Buck-sheesh! buck-sheesh!" which cry you foolishly imagined you had left behind you in India; and then when you have arrived at "Cheops," believe me, you will be in a fit frame of mind to exclaim,

"Have I come all this distance, and endured so much, to gaze upon this mass of stone—hang the Pyramids!"

When your vexation has subsided you recall your hasty expression and mentally murmur, "What huge blocks of stone!"

They are indeed wonderful. Like looking at the Falls of Niagara, the longer you gaze the more their magnitude and grandeur astound. The Great Pyramid "Cheops," built upon a platform of rock, measures at its base seven hundred and sixty-four feet each way, and rises to a height of four hundred and eighty feet. The second Pyramid is four hundred and fifty-six feet high, and the third two hundred and sixteen feet. South of these are other structures of the same kind, but much smaller. A short distance east of the second "Pyramid" is the celebrated "Sphinx." Its features are mutilated and defaced, its nose flattened, the lips thick and pouting. Reflecting upon the many centuries that have rolled by since the fixed and unalterable gaze of this inanimate head first looked over the plain, a feeling of awe creeps over you; and when you have turned your back upon it you cannot help involuntarily looking over your shoulder, as if in expectation and dread of finding this untiring watchman gazing upon and watching you. You steal away as if you had no right to intrude upon its domain. I cannot do better than quote the language of a celebrated writer:

"Laugh and mock, if you will, at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity—unchangeableness in the midst of change—the same seeming will and intent, for ever and ever inexorable. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings, upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors, upon Napoleon dreaming of an eastern empire, upon battle and pestilence, upon all and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched and watched like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and same sad, tranquil mien. And we shall die and Islam wither away, and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new busy race with the same sad, earnest eyes, and the same tranquil mien everlasting."

"Let's go," said Mrs. S.; "if it looks at me I shall faint!"

The distance to Alexandria is one hundred and thirty miles. Alexandria is quite like a European city; the principal street in the Frank quarter, large, handsome shops, hotels, restaurants, reading-rooms, etc. American merchants are well represented here. There are many traces of antiquity to be found, although most of the old city has disappeared. The large towers flanking the old wall are quite perfect. The lower part of the towers each contain a large square hall, the four corners resting upon thick, strong columns; the upper portions divided into several rooms. The front portico and a few porphyry pillars of Cæsar's palace remain. Cleopatra's palace was built upon the wall facing the port; not far from the site of the palace are the two obelisks called Cleopatra's needles—one lies completely buried, the other stands erect! the buried one belongs (by gift from the Egyptians) to the English government, the other belongs to France. These obelisks are seven feet square and sixty feet high; the latter is of red sandstone, and has three columns of inscription upon each side. Upon the other side of the city, about a quarter of a league from the southern gate, overtopping the town and serving as a landmark for ships, stands the majestic Pompey's Pillar. The upper member of the base and the shaft are of one single piece of pink granite, eighty-six feet long and twenty-seven feet in circumference; the Corinthian capital is nine feet; the entire height including the base, one hundred and fourteen feet. The population of

the city is 120,000, and includes Egyptians, Arabs, Jews, Turks, Persians, French, Italians—in fact nearly every nation is here represented. I had almost neglected to mention that “The Khedive” offered us the use of his own special train, and quarters in his palace at Grand Cairo, and a present of £500 sterling, for two days’ entertainment.

We sailed from Alexandria on 11th March, and landed at Brindisi, Italy, on the 14th March, 1871.

You have accompanied me thus far upon our tour, but having lingered so long upon the way we must pass hastily over the rest of our tour.

A description of the continental cities would be superfluous, so much has been written about them by tourists. Suffice it to say that we visited Naples, beautiful Naples, the city Mr. B. advised us to visit—not in the expectation of making much money, but because it would “pay”—we were richly remunerated for our trouble. We have seen Vesuvius in its angry mood vomiting forth smoke, flame, and immense rocks that its dyspeptic stomach could not digest; have walked the silent streets of disintombed Pompeii; looked in at Herculaneum; mounted to the highest seat in the Coliseum, at Rome; walked through the Catacombs, and, like the Reverend Spurgeon, preserved the remains of the tapers that lighted us on our way. We have visited St. Peter’s, the Vatican, St. John Lateran; have stood, in the ancient cloisters, upon and beneath the two marble stones which it is averred were used to measure the stature of “our Saviour.”

“Myriads,” said the verger, have been gauged by that standard, yet no man has been found of the exact height.”

We have mounted the identical steps “our Redeemer” ascended (at least so claimed) and passed through the same portals He entered, formerly belonging to Pontius Pilate’s house, but which were removed to Rome during the reign of one of the early Popes. Have stood in the Pantheon; in the Forum; have sailed upon the “Grand Canal of Venice;” attended service in “St. Mark’s;” visited the “Doge’s Palace;” put our hands in the “Lion’s mouth;” stood in the Trial Chamber of the Inquisition; ascended the stairs and entered the Chamber of Torture; descended and followed the footsteps of the victims across the “Bridge of Sighs” down, down into the horrible dungeons, dark and foul.

“For thirty-three years,” said our guide, “in that cell, with no light but the reflected rays of a dim burning lamp, through that little opening four inches square, a Venetian nobleman languished.”

We have crossed the Rialto; have attended the solemn services upon Good Friday in the Grand Cathedral of Milan; have visited King Victor Emanuel at his palace in delightful Florence; have eaten the “Original Jacobs,” the genuine sausage, in Bologna; have smiled with the Emperor Francis Joseph, at his palace in Vienna; have descended the Rhine; have visited nearly all the capitals of Europe, stood within their palaces, and been received by Royalty.

April 18th, 1871, we landed in England and traversed England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, exhibiting in two hundred and eight different cities and towns in the kingdom. We sailed from Liverpool June 12th, 1872, in steamship Egypt, and sighted Sandy Hook on the 22d, being a period of three years and one day from the time of our departure.

To sum up the result of our tour:—We have traveled 55,487 miles (31,216 by sea), given 1,471 entertainments in 587 different cities and towns, in all climates of the world, without losing a single day, or missing a single performance, wherever announced; through illness or accident.

For the kindness of Divine Providence in protecting us from all harm during our perilous journey, our hearts are truly thankful.

In the Preface to this book I promised an humble literary feast to the reader; having partaken you may not approve. Allow me, in conclusion to relate an incident which occurred during our sojourn in Melbourne. At the time it created much alarm, but it has since been a source of great merriment to us.

I humbly apologize to the parties concerned for giving publicity to it. A friend of ours, the Hon. W——, leader of the Opposition in Parliament, had invited the members belonging to his faction to a dinner to be given at his house in celebration of their having successfully opposed a certain measure. The morning of the intended reception he received a box containing a "sacred Ibis," sent to him from Egypt as a present to the National Museum, of which he was a director. Upon the bird was fastened a paper with the words, "Please have this properly prepared and stuffed." Without disturbing it, he sent it to his wife for safe-keeping. The company assembled; the dinner was excellent; the gentlemen praised the viands, particularly the fine and remarkably large pheasant which graced the table. After the cloth was removed and all seated, enjoying their wine, the conversation turned upon the affairs of the National Museum. "By the way," said the Hon. W——, "I have just received from Egypt a valuable addition to its curiosities. I will show it to you." He proceeded to his wife's room, and the following dialogue ensued:

W. My dear, where is the sacred Ibis?

Mrs. W. What's a sacred Ibis?

W. A bird! the bird I sent home this morning.

Mrs. W. Oh, *that* bird! I knew it was game of some kind, but didn't know it was called such a queer name. It's cooked!

W. (excited). Cooked! What do you mean?

Mrs. W. Yes. I received it just as the butcher brought the meat and I saw it marked, "Please have it properly prepared and stuffed. I thought you intended it for the dinner; so I had it well stuffed and cooked, and you've eaten it.

W. Wh—at! (gasping for breath, then rushing out and entering the dining-room perfectly livid.) Gentlemen—the pheasant—sacred Ibis—came from Egypt—preserved with arsenic—you've eaten it!

Such upsetting of chairs, such hurrying to and fro, such holding of stomachs, such groaning, such calls for emetics, were never before heard. Midnight saw the "Opposition" stretched upon the floor, upon chairs, upon sofas—all looking limp as rags. Fortunately, no evil results followed. Imagination had more to do with their illness than the presence of arsenic. The affair got wind. A few days after, a certain member upon the floor of the House, in concluding a powerful speech, said: "Were we to acquiesce, and not raise our voices against this unjust—I may say this infamous measure—how could we purify ourselves—"

"Eat sacred Ibis!" quickly exclaimed a voice from the other side. The member took his seat amidst great laughter, and the measure was carried.

Reader, ought I to have followed the advice offered to the leader of the Opposition, and when the idea entered my head of becoming an author, "have eaten sacred Ibis?"

